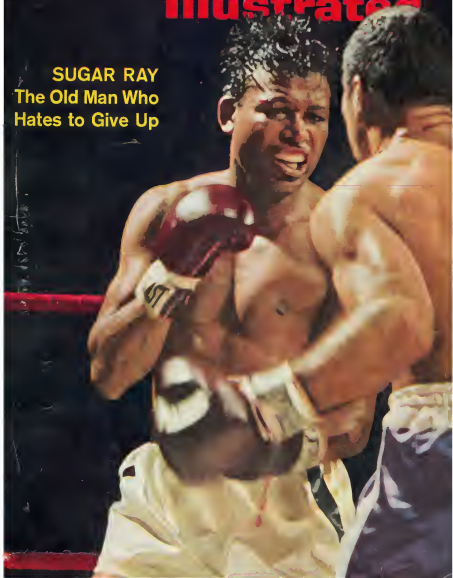


Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 9, 1966

35 CENTS

SUGAR RAY
The Old Man Who
Hates to Give Up



Ready to try a great, fresh taste?

Newport
tastes
fresher!



100% Natural menthol.
Great-tasting tobaccos.
White filter.

and tastes better than any other menthol cigarette!

"Break" a Browning!



Opening the breach is a *must* when inspecting double guns . . . it quickly separates the real champions.

Release the hammers, then "Break" a Browning! You'll sense the rare quality as this one effortless motion cocks the hammers and automatically ejects only the fired shells. You'll hear the smooth, positive click that signifies finely polished steel parts, precisely hand-fitted to hairline tolerance. Inspect the painstaking attention to every detail . . . from the smallest part, to the Superposed's meticulously hand-engraved receiver, or its hand-checked and finished select walnut stock.

This is old world craftsmanship at its very best . . . *such gun making perfection* that your new Superposed is fully guaranteed for as long as you own it, even for your lifetime.

You receive a personalized, gold embossed plastic, lifetime guarantee card.



59 models in over 400 different specifications
For Hunting, Trap, and Skeet.
Gauges 12, 20, 28, 410 and 12 & 20 in 3" Magnum.
Five grades in all barrel lengths and choke combinations.
Plus NEW "Super Tube" Inserts for the 12 gauge
in 20, 28, and 410.

*Grade I
From \$375*

BROWNING®

Write for FREE
52 page catalog

Complete information and illustration on all
Browning guns and accessories, plus special
chapters containing practical shooting information

Browning Arms Co., Dept. 790, St. Louis, Missouri 63103
—in CANADA: Browning of Canada, Dept. 790, P.O. Box 99, Montreal 9, P.Q.

Prices subject to change without notice



These
three
rings



take
good care of
very important
people.

The worry-free luxury of the General Dual 90 surrounds you with safety. There's the unsurpassed blowout protection of Nylon cord (over a mile of this super-strong cord reinforces this tire like flexible armor). This remarkable tire seals punctures as you drive[®]

The puncture-sealing General Dual 90—takes care of itself...and you!

Dual 90's new continental tread design takes corners better, easier—keeps you in control. And General's long-wearing Duragen rubber delivers more mileage than ever before. For priceless peace of mind, your General Tire Specialist is the man to see.



TOP QUALITY FOR 50 YEARS

Contents

SEPTEMBER 6, 1965 Volume 23, No. 10

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

14 September Song: Strain

The tension grew as the National League race entered September with six teams still fighting for the pennant

20 Dandies on the Danube

American athletes, triumphant in Budapest last week, were treated more as heroes than as enemies of Hungary

22 Make Way for the New Sellers

Jackie-Johnny Sellers, long lost in a puzzling slump, has caught fire and is out to spread the blaze

34 Bench Warmers for Spectators

The best-selling stadium coat this fall is inspired by football's hooded bench blanket

40 Island of the Discreet Shudder

A spirited look at ultra-exclusive Fishers Island, one of the favorite resorts of the very rich

50 "I'm Going to Keep the Money"

Dave Marr's friends debbed him Roman Roman-up and he called himself a dog—before he won the PGA

58 Sugar: Down but Not Quite Out

Roy Robinson, still stylish but oh so old, fights as in doggy places, chasing a dream that only he understands

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 7 Scorecard | 54 Horse Racing |
| 34 Sporting Look | 55 Bridge |
| 44 People | 69 Baseball's Week |
| 49 Golf | 70 For the Record |
| 50 Golf | 71 19th Hole |



SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL 60611, except one issue at year end. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, IL, and at additional mailing offices. Authorized second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each U.S. and Canadian subscription \$7.50/year. This issue published in material and separate matters. Additional pages of separate editions numbered or allowed for as follows: Albany metropolitan, G1-G2; extended readers, G1-G2; writers, W1-W2; extended readers, W1-W2, G1-G2.

Credits on page 70

Next week

THE PRO FOOTBALL ISSUE:

The game is bigger than ever, and the price of membership is going up. The NFL has admitted Adjusters for \$9 million, the AFL has accepted Miami for \$7.5 million. But amid the plenty there is a shortage of prime quarterbacks. Tex Maule tells how Coach Norman Van Brocklin's young Vikings might surprise Green Bay in the West, and, with Morson Sherman, scans all the NFL clubs in a special section illustrated with color photographs of the stars. Edw. Shiner analyzes the AFL teams. George Plimpton, who has pledged allegiance to the Detroit Lions, writes of the superstar's fearful joy. Plus the weekly news and features.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Garry back

Sports Illustrated

Editor-in-chief: Phillip Donovan
Chairman of the Board: Andrew Hordell
President: James A. Lavin
Senior Staff Editor: Thomas Griffith

Editorial Chairman: Henry R. Luce
Chairman, Executive Committee: Rex A. Lunsford

Managing Editor: André Lagarde
Executive Editor: Richard W. Johnston
Assistant Managing Editors: John Tibby, Roy Terrell
Art Director: Richard Gengel

Student Editors: Walter Bayham, Robert H. Boyle, Arthur I. Bradley, Robert Carroll, Ray Cove, Robert Cavanaugh, Andrew Crismon, Roger S. Hadden, Gerald Hoiland, Martin Kovic, Blanchard H. Maule, Jack Olson, Colin Phillips, Kenneth Rishart, Fred R. Smith, Kenneth Tax, Whitney Tovar, Alfred Wray.

Associate Editors: Lillian S. Borne, Joseph Carroll, Dan Jenkins, William Leggett, Beth Quant, Gilbert Rigney, Edwin Shneke, Fox E. Thompson, John W. Liden, M. B. Warner, Les Woodcock.

Staff Women: Tom A. Hardy, Frank Dilford, Alvin Higgins, Marvin Hyman, Joe Jones, Virginia Kraft, Mark Kozart, Barbara La Tourette, Roy Landolt, John Lowery, Jack Mann, Harold Peterson, Lu Smith, Hugh D. Whall

Photographs: PHILIP M. SUTTON, John M. Anderson, Jeff F., George J. Blomquist, AMERICAN, Betty Dick, Dorothy Mize, CHRISTIAN LIFE, PHOTOGRAPHY, Phil Barth, Jerry Cooke, James Drake, Walter Jones Jr., Neil Lester, Richard Muck, Warren E. Newman, Mark Nelson, George J. Blomquist, Jeff F., John M. Anderson.

Water-Hausman, a small Horton & Spurrack, Dismal
Barney, Jak, Campbell, P. Pige, Dismal, Gay, Howard
Mary Jane, Hirsch, Pencil Knight, Pencil Ryan,
Mason Shanks, Paul & Stewart, Thomas Winkler
Nancy, Williams.

Representatives: Mary Anne, Julia Lamb, Leila Lee, Ian
Burt MacDonald, Rorie Mary Mathison, Mark Mathison,
Jack Murphy, Paul Phillips, Natalie Pollock, Gary Rat-
burn, Lynn Swanson, Anne Vachon.

Special Contributors: Charles Lumsden (Covington), Catherine Mitchell (Fresno), John O'Reilly (San Jose), William F. Talbott (Fresno)

Production: Gene W. Ulrich (Manager); William Gallagher, Francis A. Sullivan, copy room, Beauregard Gensick (Cliff), Jo Jo. Whitworth, Betty DeMason, Geraldine Sumner, Helen Taylor

Administrative Assistant: Man-um Hwang

Art Department: Harvey Geis, Marian Nathan (Assistant Director), William Bernstein, Brandon F. Nalicy, Catherine Smolch, Thomas Vanderschuerff

Editorial Assistant: Jean-Lockhart; Theodore Simpkins
Special Correspondents: (1981), Lash Barber; Adair

[illegible]

Kenny, Katherine (N.Y.) Ronald Green, Philadelphia (Pa.) & Steve C. Jandt, Chicago; William Fuchsg, Cincinnati; Jon Schmittkeiser, Cleveland; Charles Hagan, Columbus (Ohio); Kaye Kulsker, Dallas; Roger Allen, Dallas; Thomas White, Boston; A.

Managers: Bill Bryson, Devonian, Peter Waldhauer, Geyserworld (V.C.), South Haverly, Mounting Life's, John P. Cowan, Woodman, Jack Goldberger, Schencksville, Herb Warner, Zuni-Losville, Bill Kestelle, August City, Idaho.

State O'Leary, Ray West (1913), H. F. May, Los Angeles (1913) George Wang, Livingston (1913), Larry Vail House, Little Rock (1913), Gravelly House, Los Angeles, Jack Turbin, Los Angeles, Larry Bunch, Wilmington, Delaware, William Adams, Los Angeles, David May

Synonymy: Duck Landing: Avelly, George Barker, New Orleans; Pike Farms: Dickinson Co., Bob DeLongery; Omaha Harbors Corporation, Maheshwari, Gene Moore, Phoenix (Arc); Frank Lyons, R. Potts.

George, Luke Stachler, Portland (Ore.), John White, Presidens, John Hankins, Salt Lake City, George Faltgorn, San Antonio, John Jones, San Diego, Al Campbell, San Juan, Iru, Art Roschmann, Seattle, Franklin Williams, South Bend (Ind.), Joe Davis, St. Louis.

Bob Matson, M. Pennington (Fla.), Gordon Marshall, Stanton (N.Y.), William Clark, Tallahassee (Fla.), Bill McLaughlin, Harris (Texas), Dora Campbell, Washington, D.C., Martin Leib, Houston-Solus (N.Y.).

Canada: Montreal, Arthur Segel, Ottawa, Gordon Hewat, Toronto, Ken MacLeod; Editor, Eric Whitford

Forrest Bousquet (Litt.), Richard M. Chertow (1990-
91), John M. Cook

Publisher: Garry Yalk

Advertising Sales Director, Richard C. Binkley
 Circulation Director, Robert E. Evans

Whenever a byline story appears in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* you can be fairly certain that the writer has had a hectic week getting it there—researching, interviewing, observing, writing, sometimes rewriting. Occasionally a writer will have two stories in the same issue, one written in, say, Alaska and the other, possibly, in Key West. Staff Writer Jack Mann finds himself in that position this week. The long feature story on Jockey Johnny Sellers (page 22) took him to Saratoga in upstate New York; the other one, which has to do with the Malmuknee Braves' rather lonely fight for the National League pennant (page 18), required his presence in Wisconsin.

But don't worry too much about Mann's apparently wild travel-and-writing schedule. The Sellers story was written three weeks ago and was held for this issue to coincide with the end of the Saratoga meeting; Jack's efforts this week were confined strictly to Milwaukee.

Furthermore, taking on several thousand miles at a gulp and then writing under a tight time schedule is old stuff for Mann. The night before the Great

Bat Incident in San Francisco, Mann had filed a story to us on the National League pennant race. When Juan Marichal laid his hat along John Roseboro's scalp Mann phoned us from the ball park, jettisoned his first story and ripped off a lively new one that made it under our deadline barrier with time to spare.

Jack was a writer and then sports editor for Long Island's highly successful *Newswire* for years before going to the *Denver Free Press* and, later, the *New York Herald Tribune*. At the *Trib*, he became recognized as one of the most astute racing writers in the country, which is especially intriguing because before he joined the *Trib* Mann had seen exactly one flat race in his life—at Belmont Park, where he went to see a horse called Mann Jack run. Mann Jack lost. With that racing background and an almost total ignorance of the difference between fetlock and a walking ring, he conquered the job. Mann says, "I had to practice what I had preached. Reporters aren't supposed to know things. They're supposed to find out." He shied away from the press box and the reams of publicity handouts and instead wandered around the paddock, the jockeys' room and the barn area, picking up the anecdotes, the idle chatter, the tidbits that give life to racing and, for that matter, to any sport and any story.

Since coming to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Mann has confined most of his writing to his first love, baseball (don't get a betting duel with him on things like who played second base for the 1937 Brooklyn Dodgers). But he has done and will continue to do other stories for us, which will keep him busy on the Alaska-Key West run. He's used to it, of course, and so, apparently, is his family. "I can disappear for three days at a time," says Mann, "before my four children notice that something's missing around the house."



2016年12月15日，本公司与控股股东、实际控制人签署了《关于减少及规范关联交易的承诺函》，承诺减少及规范关联交易，具体内容如下：



Tell the boss you're tired of playing post office.

Tell him your tongue is sticky and your lips feel messy and your head is reeling from dealing with all those stamps. ("Hey, Clarissa, have you been in my stamp box?") Then ask him for five dollars and tell him you won't be able to type his letters for at least half an hour because you've got to go down to the Post Office again.

If he objects, remind him that there is such a thing as a postage meter, and that most business-like businesses have one. (A postage meter will date


and postmark and seal your mail in less time than it takes to put on your hat and coat.) If he says he can't afford it, tell him there's a Pitney-Bowes meter that only costs an initial fee of \$32.50 and a rental of \$6.50 a month.

Then, while he's weakening, suggest he call your nearest Pitney-Bowes office. If necessary, make the phone call yourself. Or write a letter to Pitney-Bowes, Inc., 9088 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904. Some bosses need a little help.



Pitney-Bowes

Originator of the
POSTAGE METER



Dacron®...
a man's
way to
look great,
stay neat!

HAGGAR slacks and "Dacron"®. What a combination for non-stop good looks! "Dacron" keeps these slim, trim slacks neatly in press, sharply creased even through rain. And "Lycra"® adds extra comfort in action. About \$20 gets you belted or Continental style in a fine-line twill of Dacron® polyester, worsted wool, Lycra® spandex at fine stores everywhere. Ask for Haggard slacks with "Dacron" and the stretch comfort of "Lycra".

"Dacron" is a registered trademark of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.
Better Things for Better Living through Chemistry.



SCORECARD

WARN BLAST IN THE SENATE

Even more than the expectable amount of hot air has been generated by the current Washington hearings on the AAU-NCAA dispute. First of all, the dispute itself is hardly the national tragedy it is said to be. Here is a simple case of one group with all the power wanting to keep it, while a second group lacks power and wants to acquire it. It happens all the time, Senator, it really does.

Sport has a way of surviving its own maladministration. Track and field is doing very well, thank you—so well that a great deal of money is being earned by its promoters, a fact that is not irrelevant to the present quarrel.

The mourning and tearing of hair that goes on over the prospect that the feud might lead to the barring of some athlete from some Olympic competition with Russia and thus to defeat and national disgrace strikes us as childish. None of this is going to happen, and in any case we prefer a more dignified concept of what constitutes national honor or disgrace.

The real reason the AAU-NCAA dispute drags on is that there is no pressure of public opinion to resolve it. The public is bored by the battle of initials.

THE CHARACTER BUILDERS

An unsuccessful rival of Paul Dietzel (when Dietzel was football coach at Louisiana State) once made this rueful observation during the annual college recruiting scramble: "If Dietzel ever gets his feet under the same dinner table as the boy he's after, the rest of us might as well go home."

Now head coach at the U.S. Military Academy, Dietzel still knows how to play footsie. He seems to have got his feet under the dinner table of Ron Esmann, who had already signed a grant-in-aid athletic scholarship to the University of Florida. Esmann does not yet have a West Point appointment and while awaiting one will be farmed out for a year to Bordentown (N.J.) Military Institute. This will give him an extra year to mature and play football, mak-

ing him that much more valuable to Army when he does matriculate.

To Ray Graves, the mild-mannered Florida coach who had previously lost another Florida-bound player to Dietzel, this was a gross breach of recruiting ethics. To which Dietzel replied that for five years he had been a member of the football coaches' ethics committee.

So there.

UNWITHERED AGE

When Dennis Ralston and Clark Graebner blew the doubles and with it the Davis Cup Tie with Spain somebody said: "Why don't they bring back Talbert and Mulloy?" Why not, indeed? Gardner Mulloy, 52, and Bill Talbert, 47, have just won the National Seniors' Doubles championship at Longwood for the third straight year, thus retiring the trophy. In 1946 the same team retired the national (non-seniors) trophy, having previously won it in 1942 and 1945. Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite inevitability. Which is more than one can say for our stale and withered youth.

COLLEGE HUMOR REVISITED

A bright young mathematician attended a seminar on computers at Notre Dame this summer and found his fellow math masters toying with what they called "the mathematical theory of big game hunting." The problem: how to get a lion into a cage in the Sahara Desert using any of a variety of scientific disciplines. The following examples are selected from those we came closest to understanding without altogether making it.

THE METHOD OF INVERSE GEOMETRY. We place a spherical cage in the desert, enter it and look at it. We perform an inversion with respect to the cage. The lion is then in the interior of the cage, and we are outside.

LOGIC METHOD. Procure a cage, stand before it and repeat these statements:

Statement 1. "If there is no Sahara Desert lion in this cage, Statement 2 is true; otherwise it is false."

Statement 2. "Statement 3 is true."

Statement 3. "Statement 2 is false."

If there is a lion in the cage, there is no paradox; if there is no lion, there is a paradox. Nature abhors a paradox, so a lion will appear in the cage.

And, from experimental physics, THE THERMODYNAMICAL METHOD. We construct a semipermeable membrane, permeable to everything except lions, and sweep it across the desert.

Next time we go lion hunting we'll take along a scientist.

BALM FOR GOLF GUILT

When some Kentuckians announced recently that they were founding an organization dedicated to improving the lot of the average golfer, cynics assumed they were kidding. They were not. The U.S. Duffers Association, Inc. is now a force in being.

At last word it had a membership of 175, a rules book and a membership certificate. The *Duffers Rule Book* proclaims, with a supreme indifference to the *Rules of Golf*, the organization's purpose: "to adjust or compromise what seems to be unfair restrictions or penalties for duffers who play the game of golf strictly for fun, exercise and sport."

In other words, says President Bailey Root of Newport, Ky., "All we've done



is take the things we all do—like changing to a new ball on the greens or fairways, improving your lie and ignoring the two-stroke out-of-bounds penalty—and make them legal."

The USDA is a tolerant outfit, Root explained. If anyone wants to compete under the standard *Rules of Golf*, that

continued

It's *Jockey*™ Meet

Play the MATCH

See if you can match these men with the



A. WALL STREET TYCOON

B. SKY DIVER

C. CLASS OF '66

D. COIN LAUNDRY OPERATOR



E. HEAVYWEIGHT CONTENDER

F. VETERAN POLITICO

G. ALLIGATOR WRESTLER

H. PSYCHIATRIST

ANSWERS: (A-2) He selects the classic Jockey brief. Here's a solid investment in male support and protection. Tailored from 13 separate pieces for genuine Jockey support plus perfect comfort. Even the waistband is special. It's built to face weekly bouts with the washer and dryer without losing its grip. \$1.25 (3-pack \$3.69).

(B-1) This man's obviously a nut for ventilation. His choice is the Jockey Super brief with the famous mesh pouch for ventilation where it's needed. It has a higher waist for extra comfort and a double-reinforced seat for longer wear. Laundry-resistant

waistband, too. Man-tailored from 13 separate pieces to give you genuine Jockey support. \$1.50 in the package with the blue diamond.

(C-7) He's a big man on campus... a leader... head of his class. It's no surprise that his underwear has pace-setter style. It's the new Slim Guy racer. Tailored for the new, trim, fashionable look. The shorter, tapered legs have new racing vents and contrasting trim. \$1.50.

(D-3) He sees T-shirts come and T-shirts go. And he'll tell you the Jockey

Power-Knit T-shirt keeps its fit wash after wash after wash. It's knit with extra yarn. No bagging, sagging or shrinkage problems. From the reinforced Seamfree® collar to the extra long tail, here's neatness that lasts. \$1.50 (3-pack \$4.39).

(E-4) This one's easy. He puts his money on the world's best-built boxer... Jockey T.K.O. It's a knockout for comfort. Has a Perfect-Proportion Seat. (Seat size is proportioned to the waist size for an exclusive custom fit.) Nylon-reinforced crotch seam. Extra-wide, soft, cushioned waistband. \$1.50.

Your Match™ Month

QUIZ!

Jockey underwear that suits them best



1. SUPER+ BRIEF



2. CLASSIC BRIEF



3. POWER-KNIT™ T-SHIRT



4. T.K.O.® BOXER



5. **Slim Guy+**
SLIM GUY+ BRIEF



6. **Hi-Neck Bo'sun**
HI-NECK BO'SUN SHIRT



7. **Tapered Slim Guy**
TAPERED SLIM GUY RACER



8. **Tapered Brute**
TAPERED BRUTE SHIRT

(F-5) Though there's snow on the roof, there's still plenty of life in the old boy. His vote is cast for new Slim Guy briefs, styled for men who think young. They give you famous Jockey support plus mesh-pouch ventilation, action side vents, high-cut leg openings. And they feel really great. \$1.50.

(G-8) No self-respecting alligator wrestler would wear anything but the tapered Brute shirt. It has all the quality features of the classic Jockey T-shirt plus a new tapered cut to fit a guy without a punch. Try it. You may

not be an alligator wrestler, but you'll sure feel like one. \$1.50.

(H-6) He has blue eyes and brown hair, so naturally he chooses the hi-neck Bo'sun shirt with its action styling, longer sleeves, longer tail, and heavier body fabric. What have blue eyes and brown hair got to do with choosing underwear? Don't ask us. He's the psychiatrist. \$1.50.

How about you? Which Jockey underwear matches you best? Come in and find out during Jockey "Meet Your Match" Month. Now at your favorite men's wear or department store.



It's not Jockey brand
if it doesn't have the Jockey boy

JOCKEY MENSWEAR
MEMBER SINCE 1954 DIVISION OF COOPER & CO.



Checks... to Balance Your
Traditional Dress Shirt Wardrobe.

if you wear
the authentic
shirt...



we speak
your
language!



Golden Vee Shirts are available at
ABRAHAM & STRAUS & BRANCHES (YOUNG
MEN'S SHOP), N.Y.C. • CRAWFORD DEPT.
STORES, CHICAGO, ILL. and other fine stores
everywhere, or write: GOLDEN VEE Division,
Wings Shirt Co., Inc., 4 W. 33 St., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

SCORECARD *(continued)*

is O.K. with the USDA. But the new organization feels that such rules are too harsh on the common hacker, and the common hacker has been, therefore, ignoring them. There are, according to Joe Martens, one of the organizers of the new, relaxed and heretical association, between 10 and 14 million golfers who could be classed as duffers, which may be an understatement. With the new rules every duffer can have his fun and ease his conscience at the same time.

FULL CIRCLE

About 25 years ago a Louisianian named E. A. McIlhenny imported 11 nutria from South America and imprisoned them in escape-proof pens for ill-defined experimental purposes. Quite a few nutria escaped, increased and multiplied. In fact, multiplication is what a nutria does best.

With the multiplication of the nutria, the muskrat, a staple crop for trappers, went into a profound state of subtraction by geometrical diminution. Rice and sugar-cane farmers were unhappy, too. The nutria is a big eater. Besides, though its pelt had a certain market value, trappers were reluctant to bother with it because of its size. Nutria range between 15 and 20 pounds. A well-laden trapper could bring 20 muskrats out of the marsh as against only three to four nutria. Exterminate the nutria, everyone demanded forthrightly, but this proved impossible.

But as the muskrat population diminished the demand for nutria skins rose and, out of necessity, the trappers went after them in increasing numbers. In the 1943-44 season only 436 nutria pelts were taken. By 1950-51 the number had jumped to 78,422. In 1964 65 nutria pelts were worth \$2.5 million, as compared to \$352,642 for muskrat skins. Add to that a value of \$900,000 for nutria meat sold to milk ranchers. And some gourmets say its flesh is delicious.

Now conservationists, noting that the nutria population has diminished from five million in 1957 to 2.5 million this year, are worried. Save the nutria, they cry. Trapping has been banned in St. Bernard Parish and parts of Plaquemines Parish.

STUDY THE MENU

The chalk streams of England have produced their own mythology, their own poetry and some of the world's best

sporting prose. They have also hatched a race of angler-entomologists who, seemingly, would rather tie flies than catch fish and who have lost normal fishermen in a maze of semiscientific doubletalk. You would think that a chalk-stream trout not only could tell the difference between the first and second instar of a dark-olive nymph but also who tied its imitation.

An iconoclast of such theories is Oliver Kite, a retired soldier who specializes in fishing with nymph imitations. He has written a book about it (*Nymph Fishing in Practice*, Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., 21 shillings) and lectures on the subject.

"If you make a toy mouse, so exact that you can't tell it apart from an ordinary mouse, and put it in front of a cat, the cat ignores it," Kite says. "But if you take a twist of wool or a bit of paper or something on a string and twitch it in front of a cat, the cat is onto it in a second."

Moral: the action of the lure is what counts.

For a day's fishing, he goes on, you need carry only two flies—an Imperial dry fly, on a size-0 hook, and an unnamed nymph nonimitation, which consists of a size-0 hook with a bit of gossamer copper wire tied about its shank. That is all. No fur or feathers for Kite, who has reduced the whole sport of fly fishing almost down to the casting of a bare hook. If the trout are surface-feeding, use the dry; if under the surface, the nymph.

The flies must be used with skill, however. Kite does 75% of his fishing with the nymph, which is why friends call him a nymphermaniac, and has put in 10 years studying the action of the many varieties of nymphs. Once he knows which variety the trout are feeding on, Kite imitates its characteristic movement, and another trout is on.

Where do you get that gossamer copper wire? You find it in the coils of very old radio sets.

OLYMPIC FORECAST

Though Peter Snell failed in his recent comeback attempt in the U.S. and Europe, he still has a contribution to make to racing. He is adviser to the latest New Zealand track hope, 18-year-old Rex Maddaford.

Maddaford is much further along in his development than Snell was at his age. At 15 Snell ran the mile in 5:21. Maddaford did it in 4:20. By age 17,

(continued)

ARMSTRONG



THE SAFE TIRE

Grips the road to save your life as no other tire can!



This "Ounce of Prevention" can save your life.

Only Armstrong Tires have patented Safety Discs between the tread ribs. No matter how hard you brake, these discs keep the tread open — always ready to grip the road to help pre-

vent deadly skids. You can't buy a better tire, to save your life. And it costs no more! So get Armstrong. The Safe Tire. See your Armstrong dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages.

The Armstrong Rubber Company, West Haven, Conn. • Des Moines, Iowa • Natchez, Miss. • Hanford, Calif.



The trim fit you want in fine dress slacks

HAGGAR TAKES "ORLON"™ WORSTED WOOL... in a rugged, new hopsacking weave. Tailors it into fine dress slacks that fit smooth and trim... to put you at ease on or off campus. Wear Hagggar Slacks. You'll like the fit, the fabric and this fact: "Orlon" acrylic in the blend keeps these slacks wrinkle-free, sharply creased. 12 95

WIN A FORD MUSTANG or 50 other big prizes in Hagggar's 1985 Sweepstakes. See your Hagggar dealer. Slacks Shown: 75% "ORLON" — 30% worsted wool.



SCORECARD *Continued*

when Snell did 4:40, Maddaford did 4:08. Snell was 18 before he broke 2 minutes (1:59.6) in the 880, but Maddaford clocked a 1:55 when only 16. Maddaford also has run two miles under 9:05 five times and three miles in 13:59.8.

For the next three years, according to Coach Arthur Lydard, who played such a big part in Snell's career, Maddaford will concentrate on the mile, then succeed Snell as Olympic Games champion in the 1,500 meters at Mexico City in 1968.

Don't bet against it.

BACK TO THE TEST TUBES

Every few summers Portuguese men-of-war invade northern Atlantic beaches. They sting bathers painfully, once in a while cause a death. This summer they appeared in such numbers that several beaches were closed.

Some have suggested that it should be a simple matter to protect bathers by spraying the water with a man-of-war repellent. Not a bad thought, except that, according to the International Oceanographic Foundation of Miami, it is impossible. In order to be repelled a creature must have a receptor mechanism sensitive to the repellent and must also be capable of independent motility so that it can get out of there when repelled.

The Portuguese man-of-war fails on both counts. A sort of many-tentacled jellyfish with an inflated body that somewhat resembles a sail, it not only lacks a sensitive exterior, it has no coordinating nervous system. As for motility, it goes where the winds and the tides take it.

Think of something else.

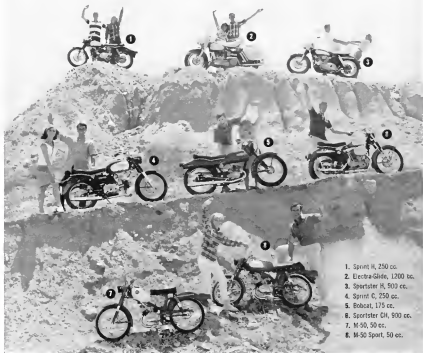
THEY SAID IT

- Pepper Wilson, Cincinnati Royals' general manager, on the Boston Celtics' long domination of professional basketball: "Sure Red Auerbach makes mistakes, the entire Boston team makes mistakes, but they can get away with it because they have the world's largest eraser in Bill Russell."
- Dr. Phog Allen, 79-year-old retired basketball coach at the University of Kansas, on the aging process: "You're not old until it takes you longer to rest up than it does to get tired."
- Earl Blaik, former Army coach, on the AAU-NCAA squabble: "One is more pure than able and the other more able than pure."

END

hit the high road to fun on a new Harley-Davidson!

*the greatest line going from 50 cc.
to 1200 cc. Starting at about \$225.*



1. Sprint H, 250 cc.
2. Electra-Glide, 1200 cc.
3. Sportster H, 500 cc.
4. Sprint C, 250 cc.
5. Bobcat, 175 cc.
6. Sportster CH, 900 cc.
7. M-50, 50 cc.
8. M-50 Sport, 50 cc.

the fun wheels are here! Harley-Davidson for 1966, the greatest line glowing and going under the sun.

And one of these gleaming beauties is just for you. So name your kicks. Lightweight fun on the nifty M-50 . . . or the hot new M-50 Sport. The cheetah-quickness of a Sprint. The smooth Electra-Glide ride. The go-go power of a Sportster. Or that brand new tiger we call Bobcat.

You name your brand of fun, Harley-Davidson's the brand that's got it, 18 great new models for fun and competition.

And every model has that solid quality that gives you confidence. Go Harley-Davidson, the people who wrote the book on two-wheeled quality. See your dealer for the go-go line now.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON



SEPTEMBER SONG: STRAIN

Normally the final month of any pennant race dwindles down to a fight between two teams, occasionally three, once in a great while four. Last week the National League, long dedicated to all-out fratricide, was filled with tension, consternation and confusion because there were not two, three or even four contenders, but six, all of them stumbling in the face of opportunity and causing frustrations not normally found on winning clubs. For instance, the Los Angeles Dodgers, who have led the league for all but 16 days of the season, defied mathematica and lost four of seven games only to gain ground on most of their closest pursuers. Dodger pitching, which had allowed just 3.38 runs a game all season, last week gave up 6.43. And a disabled bullpen put added strain on the weary pitching arms of Don Drysdale (left) and Sandy Koufax (who had to be used in relief). But while the Dodgers were struggling, so were the teams that were trying to upend them. . .

CONTINUED



Exasperated Philadelphia Manager Gene Mauch takes the ball from Pitcher Chris Short and fires it angrily to his incoming relief pitcher after the Dodgers, who had lost seven straight times to Short, pounded him for six runs in the first inning.



Bewildered Manager Herman Franks of the San Francisco Giants, deprived of suspended ace Jim Muesel, relied heavily on peerless Willie Mays.





After maintaining earlier that the Dodgers could not stay up there, Cincinnati Manager Dick Slater found himself and his team hamstrung by erratic pitching performances from the staff he had called the best in the majors at the start of the season.

Pittsburgh's seven-game win streak lifted them into the pennant scramble and had manager Harry Walker enthusiastically urging them on before he himself was dejected by a streak-breaking, late-inning loss to the ninth-place Houston Astros.

CONTINUED

MEANWHILE, CONSIDER POOR MILWAUKEE

The sun over Milwaukee's County Stadium was hot, but the beer in the cooler was cold, and everything was right with the world. The German-accented group behind home plate now and then directed its attention to the playing field and booed the Pirates. The Braves were playing the Phillies, but what the hell. You got the opener, Herman?

The year was 1957, when Al Cissa ran the nightly attendance pool in the press box and the guesses on each game went from 40,000 up. Now it is 1965, and last week when the Braves, with what Manager Bobby Bragan calls his "karate" batting attack, met the Cincinnati Reds in a pennant-pregnant series, the four successive night games attracted a total of 41,015 customers. The attendance pool is out; the hypersensitive management decided it was gambling. It's just as well, because there was a good chance of a coup; at many Milwaukee games this year a man who wanted the quarters badly enough could have counted the house, capita by capita.

It would be oversimplification to say that the ban on bring-your-own-beer parties was the beginning of the end of the phenomenal honeymoon between the big-league team and the Triple-A town. All concessionaires love captive audiences, and fans had been disarmed at the gate in towns like Philadelphia, where they frequently had littered left field with beer cans, sometimes without drinking the beer first (a profligacy highly unlikely in thrifty Milwaukee). But that prohibition is the only official act by the Braves' management about which Milwaukee's hot polloi is truly resentful. For all the untarnt suits the politicians and vested interests may propose to hold the team in civic bondage, the Braves will ride to Atlanta this winter on a great groundswell of public apathy.

"Atlanta can have 'em," said a man with a 25¢ schooner of beer in a gloomy gin mill off Wisconsin Avenue. "Eight years I buy tickets, and then they want me to buy their beer—at their prices. They got to have all the money."

"As soon as they win," a bartender with a broader grudge complained, "they trade away all the good players. They wanted to get rid of the big salaries. Last winter they had Mathews on the

block." The Braves did not pull out any plums when they took such as Ty Cline and Don Dillard for Joe Adcock, or Jack Curtis for Bob Buhl. But they gradually put together a team that is most respected around the National League and, Elder Statesman Ed Mathews believes, superior to the 1957 and 1958 champions. "Sure, it's a good team," said a gas-station attendant in suburban Wauwatosa, patio country where ex-fans drink the beer they can no longer bring to County Stadium. "I hope they win the World Series. Then what can they do for an encore in Atlanta?"

"It's just this town," said a cab driver who has lived in Milwaukee for 43 years. "They don't stay interested in anything very long. Nothing will ever go here except bowling—and beer drinking." The handwriting was on the wall before the beer ban and before the "bad" trades. Many Milwaukee fans never realized that a baseball team is like the farmer's durable ax: "Couple of new heads and a couple of new handles, but it's the same ax." They expected the Adcocks, Behls and Johnny Logans to go on and on.

They were still going in 1959 when the Braves met the Dodgers in the playoff. The first game, in Milwaukee, drew only 18,297. Granted it was a Monday, on short notice with no advance sale. But in 1957, on a dreary Thursday afternoon in June, the Dodgers had drawn 31,051 to County Stadium. ("Doesn't anyone ever work in this town?" asked the late Arch Murray of the *New York Post*, Lou Zimmerman of the *Milwaukee Deutsche Zeitung* asked for German-language rights, to Murray's amazement.)

Something was different, and Ray Jackson knew it. The volume of business at his restaurant on Blue Mound Road, around the corner from the stadium, had gone up another \$12,000 in 1959. It had gone nowhere but up and up and up since he mortgaged the place in April 1953 when the Braves moved in. In 1960, for the first time, there was no increase. He served dinner to an average of 175 persons before a night game and drinks to that many after. It was the baseball place in Milwaukee. Last Thursday night, before the finale of the pivotal series with the Reds, he served about 30 dinners. "Not bad," he said.

Jackson, who was born in Milwaukee 50 years ago, learned something about the town on Sept. 23, 1957 after Henry Aaron hit Billy Muffett's curve ball 405 feet, and about eight inches higher than Wally Moon could jump. The Braves had finally won a pennant, and John Quinn, the general manager who had assembled the team and soon would become expendable, hugged his wife and wept in the company box upstairs. Downtown, Marquette students snake-danced in the streets. In the dressing room the players showered each other with champagne and smeared each other with sauce from the barbecued ribs and shrimp Ray Jackson had brought in. But the police began pulling in the sidewalks at 1:45 a.m., as they always do in Milwaukee, though out around the stadium nobody realized that. A group of late-working newspapermen adjourned to Ray Jackson's at 2 a.m. to finish the ribs. The cops raided the place 15 minutes later. "I thought it would be New Year's Eve," Ray Jackson said to the sergeant.

Marquette students can be counted on to cavort if the Braves win this pennant, but there will be more concern on streets in Atlanta, where Sports Editor Fuman Bisher has suggested that ideally Milwaukee should miss a pennant by one percentage point. This seems feasible to Milwaukee County Board Chairman Eugene Grobbschmidt, who has allegedly enraged the team by suggesting that the Braves are not striving as mightily as they are able. ("Now, we're not sore at him," says Catcher Gene Oliver. "He's a clown.") It is not feasible to Aaron, who has cashed two World Series checks in 12 seasons. "We'll take it this year," Aaron says. Nor is Mathews whistling Dixie. Whether or not the Braves leave them laughing when they say goodbye, this 13th season is such a solemn challenge to him that he keeps apologizing for being so "corny" about it. Last spring Manager Bragan made Mathews the captain, and he took it seriously.

"So did we," said Oliver. "We kid about it. Like we say, 'Let's go to this restaurant, if it's O.K. with the captain.' But he really is the captain. He would be anyway, because he's such a class guy, but he really took charge. Early this year he was talking to guys in slumps, putting them on the funny and saying, 'Get 'em tomorrow.' He was hitting .210 himself, but you wouldn't know it."

Oliver, about to open a gym in Rock Island, Ill., was appointed calisthenics leader by Bragan in Florida. "You figure a veteran player would say the hell with calisthenics," Oliver said, "but Eddie went right to work, and the rest of them followed him. One day when he was going bad he was on deck to hit against Hal Woodeshick [a left-hander]. Bragan went out and asked him if he thought he could hit him better than Mike de la Hoz. He said, 'no,' and sat down."

"It sounds corny," Mathews said for the third time in 10 minutes, "but I'm more interested in the team winning. I have enough records of my own. I don't think about them. Well, I do know I have 474 home runs, but only because Musial had 475. The only record I want is for Henry and I to beat Ruth's and Gehrig's home runs. I don't know why, but I want that one." (They trailed at the moment 1,208-867, but Mathews is only 33, Aaron 31.)

"There are some problems guys have that they won't take to the management," Mathews said, "so they come to me. Hell, I used to make the problems. Marriage settled me down somewhat, but I still got in those bar brawls."

"Look, it sounds corny," Mathews went on, "but this year has been more rewarding, or fulfilling or whatever you want to call it, than all the others. I guess it's because I feel like I'm something more than just a goddamn ball-player."

If the players do not have Georgia on their minds, Bill Bartholomay, youthful board chairman of the new syndicate deficit-financing the Braves, can't get it off his. Who, he was asked, will get the World Series tickets if the Braves win the pennant? "Our primary obligation," he said, "is to the season ticket-holders right here in Atlanta—uh, Milwaukee." Nobody caught the slip, except Lou Chapman of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. Early in his 13-year stewardship as chronicler of the Braves' deeds and misdeeds, Chapman's ubiquitous reporting earned him the sobriquet Gummy (for gumshoe) from Manager Fred Haney. The same kind of work earned him a one-day banishment from the Braves' clubhouse last June. His crime: quoting a player's sug-

gestion that the Braves would be more likely to win the pennant with positive support in Atlanta than with the civic indifference of Milwaukee.

The first of the lawsuits is likely to come up in late November or early December. Generally, the idea is to pressure baseball into awarding Milwaukee a new franchise by holding the old one for legalistic ransom. They asked Ray Jackson to become a co-petitioner.

Ray is still a fan. The only tip to the diminution of his fervor is the array of Braves' pictures behind his bar. Lee Maye, now with Houston, is still there,

Maek Jones isn't yet. Such negligence would not have been tolerable a few years ago. But Ray has something else on his mind: the plans for the bigger, better restaurant he'll build next door. Yes, he'll take the pictures with him.

"They wanted me to join the suit on the grounds that it will cost me business when the Braves leave," Jackson said. "Sure it will, but baseball has been good to me. Why should I be a sorehead? It was good while it lasted, but the party's over. That's all."

That's all.

—JACK MANN



With a lame-duck pennant in sight, Bobby Bragan's Braves managed 10 wins in a row.

YANKEE DANDIES ON THE DANUBE

The Hungarian revolution of 1956 was pushed into the background last week as a small force of Americans invaded Budapest to win medals and the affection of a warmhearted people

by PAUL EVAN RESS

To be an American athlete in Communist Hungary last week was to be very nearly suffocated with adulation. Everywhere they went in Budapest the Americans drew crowds, and for the boys there were keenly hospitable Magyar girls, each one better looking than the one before and no less eager to accept an invitation to dinner, to dance or to stroll. The Hungarian press was enraptured by Randy Matson's "onormous presence," and the big Texas shotputter spent hours signing autographs, sometimes 10 to a customer. When the U.S. basketball team played the Russians it was embarrassing, not because the Yanks won their first game so smashingly (81-38), but because the crowd lavished its cheers on the Americans and booed—yes, even heckled—the Soviets. These were the World University Games, the *Universiade*, and for the U.S. athletes they were altogether stunning and delightful, because they were altogether pro-American.

Ironically, U.S. officials had boycotted the games for nine years, fearing that they were a Communist plot to make political hay out of a sporting event. The officials were wrong in one sense. The organizers of the games—the International Federation of University Sports—were predominantly Western. Even today only five of IFUS's 14 executive members are from the Eastern bloc. But the U.S. was right in another sense. Try as they did, Britain, France and Germany were unable to match the Olympic level of the Communist athletes. At the most recent championships—the 1963 games in Porto Alegre, Brazil—Hungary and Russia monopolized medals.

But now the U.S. knows about the *Universiade*, and it knows better. Perhaps most important, it knows a little more about a people that had not seen an American flag in public since the bloody Hungarian uprising of 1956. The Hungarians saw a lot of the Stars and Stripes in the 10 days of the games. The U.S. flag was going up with ceremonial regularity as American athletes won and won again, coming close to duplicating their impres-

sive showing at the Tokyo Olympics.

Always it was a case of getting a great deal out of a short supply. The U.S. sent a less-than-modest-size team of only 40 athletes to Budapest, compared with the Soviet Union's 220, and contingents of 150 to 180 from West Germany, Hungary, Rumania and Japan. (The U.S. might not have had even 40 entered had Team Director Jim Fowler been any less persistent in his dealings with the State Department and those interecine rivals, the AAU and the NCAA.) None of America's brilliant girl swimmers was there because that is what most of them are—girls too young to be in college. *Universiade* rules require an athlete to be at a university or to have been at one no longer than two years before the games, and to be under 28 years of age.

Few of the Americans approached 28, but from the first day when the thousands of Hungarians screamed "*Hurra! Hurra! Magyarok!*" (Hurray! Hurray! Magyars!) and then adjusted quickly to their new American loyalties, they seemed

mature enough. The swimmers, only 12 in number, swept seven of 10 events, while U.S. divers Rick Gilbert and Bernie Wrightson made the world's best college divers look like kids holding their noses and leaping into the creek. The 11 U.S. trackmen won 3 gold medals, including Californian Bill Toomey's sweeping decathlon victory, 3 silvers and 3 bronzes. And the U.S. basketball team, with Bill Bradley performing as only Bill Bradley can, won eight straight. At the finish the Yanks had accumulated 14 gold medals, second to friendly little Hungary's 16, but one ahead of the Soviet Union's 13.

Hungarian red-white-and-green flags were everywhere when the Americans flew in for their first glimpse of Budapest—and first view of the Danube, which is not blue. It is more Spanish olive. Magyars had two explanations: 1) you have to drink quite a bit of Tokay wine before you realize that the Danube is blue, and 2) it is really only blue in the Strauss waltz.

In his welcoming speech to 2,500 ath-



As boy met girl in friendly Budapest, swimmer Dick Roth was buzzed by a winsome miss after winning the individual medley. Fencer Steve Nelburo and his date strolled along the banks of the Danube, and Texas Shotputter Randy Matson was shooed by a pretty barber.



lets from 35 countries, and to the 60,000 spectators at the opening ceremony, Hungarian Premier Gyula Kallai, obviously directing his affection toward the Americans, said that "sports are not only physical education but also one of the means of rapprochement and friendship between countries. . . . I hope that you will find an opportunity to see some of the sights and the life of the people of Budapest."

The young American swimmers took the Premier at his word. They set out immediately to date every good-looking Hungarian girl in sight. They worked out a sure-fire technique: spot a beautiful girl in the stands, jump into the pool and win a race and then, when you collect the bouquet of roses that comes with the gold medal, quickly rush up to the girl in the stands and give her the flowers. While Hungarians were applauding these gestures of chivalry—and playing *Seminal Journey*, *San Francisco* and *Go Down, Moses* to honor their adopted heroes—swimmer Carl Robe was working out a new twist. He liked the blonde who presented him with the roses so much he presented them back to her. She kissed him (a Hungarian custom). Robe kissed her back.

To the Hungarians the tall, blond American swimmers looked very much alike. "The only way to tell them apart," said a fan after watching the four-man medley-relay team of Thompson Mann,

Tom Tretheway, Philip Baker and Don Roth win over the Russians, "is to throw them into the pool and see which stroke they use." For a while the Americans could always be distinguished by their much-fancied red-white-and-blue Speedo swimsuits. Then one day Soviet swimmer Oleg Fomin turned up in the same suit. "Oh, my," a Magyar nocked him, "what would the Red Chinese say about that?"

The Communist Chinese did not say, because they did not participate. Neither did the East Germans. The Cubans were there, however, with a basketball team, runners, a big rooting section and a red-hot rhythm combo. But politics were left to the politicians, and no one seemed inclined to bring up the war in Vietnam. The inquisitive Americans not only made repeated inquiries concerning the progress of the Gemini space flight, which coincided with the games but was not easy to keep tabs on, they also wanted to know about "all those bullet holes in the buildings." With no embarrassment, the Hungarians discussed the revolt.

"I expected to see a cop or a soldier on every street corner," said Swimmer Don Roth, "but they weren't there. Hungary doesn't seem to be a real police state. The people I spoke with weren't afraid to be critical of conditions in the country. They appear to be happy."

Observed Basketball Captain Bradley: "I was impressed with the overwhelming

friendliness for Americans. They were frank and free-spoken and open-minded. I chatted with women taxi drivers, workers in the streets, people in stores and on trolleys. They all wanted a U.S. athletic pin or something symbolic of America. I was disappointed, though. I never got to talk with an avowed Communist."

If the Americans did not hesitate to bring up 1956, the Hungarians were not less reticent about Negro civil rights and the Los Angeles riots. The most articulate answer was the playmaking and the togetherness of the U.S. basketball players, white and Negro, Northern and Southern. In Budapest you could not miss them.

Of greater concern than politics, however, was the barbershop in the lobby of the Ifjusag Hotel (called "If-you-shag" by the Americans, which was not far from right) and its attractive lady barber. Randy Matson wandered in one day and got a haircut. The bill was 20 cents. "I'll be back tomorrow for a shave," said Matson, and he did return. The shave cost 13 cents. "It wasn't the best I ever had," he drawled, "but it sure was the prettiest barber."

Probably no American athlete is better known in Hungary today than Matson, and he performed as a champion should. When he warmed up there was a gasp of admiration—a 60-foot heave from a standing position, without pivot. When the track and field events began on

continued on page 56



YOW! MAKE WAY FOR THE NEW SELLERS!

by JACK MANN

The career of Johnny Sellers is marked by abrupt changes in mood and fortune. Now Hail to All's jockey is booting 'em in with new fire

In his years around racetracks Jockey Johnny Sellers has been a puzzle to owners, trainers, agents, his own wife and the betting public. With Johnny you never know one year what he is going to be like the next. The reason seems to be that Johnny doesn't know either. Johnny does a lot of thinking about himself, and these changes in mood and manner happen after he has gone through a spell of heavy pondering. All told, Johnny has led four lives in racing. First he was a very serious and eager country kid out of Oklahoma, grateful for rides at the big-city tracks. Then he was the famous and affluent rider of Carry Back, hauling down some \$180,000 in 1961 and living high. Next he was in a slump, and full of mockery. Some people thought him timid on the track and called him "Old Mother Sellers" behind his back.

But meet the new Johnny Sellers. He's serious again, he's rich again, he's winning again, he's married again (to the same wife who had divorced him in 1963) and, as the newly aggressive rider of two of the year's hottest horses, Hail to All and Pia Star, Johnny's famous again. Watch out, though, he's thinking again.

Time was, not long ago, when Sellers contemplated taking up the care and feeding of hybrid beef cattle amid fields of grass as high as Carry Back's eye. He planned to retire at 30 to his 1,050-acre ranch near Tulsa. It was classic Americana; the boy from the country moves to the city to make enough to move back to the country. Johnny came from away out in the country. He rode his first

"stake" 14 years ago at Pawhuska, Okla.,—on a mare called Talking Girl for a \$100 side bet. But now Johnny is eight-and-twenty, and all he envisions growing out of his real estate is something a little more cosmopolitan, like a few apartment buildings. If you ever find him wandering more than a mile and five furlongs from the nearest city, he would appreciate your calling a head doctor.

Sellers' resurgent success this year—he tithed \$746,805 in stakes winnings between May 24 and August 25—has placed him in a position where he could retire two years ahead of schedule. "But not on my terms," Sellers said. "Yes, I think big, and I'm going to keep thinking big."

Racetrack hangers-on being the most shameless front-runners in sports, Sellers has been hearing "Hello, Johnny" ever since he rode Our Michael to a six-length victory in the Juvenile Stakes on May 24. The chorus hit a crescendo the other day when he got Hail to All home first in the Travers by five lengths. Sellers is glad the railbirds are glad to see him back where he belongs. He is also mildly amused, not so much by the fair-weather adulation as by the popular concept of his escape from the jockeys' quarters of the glue factory.

He had, a columnist said, "dropped all the way to the bottom. . . . His income had dwindled to a trickle."

"I didn't realize that I had been that bad," Sellers says. Nevertheless, from the spring of 1964 until he got on Hail to All to win the Hibernia at Hialeah last February 22,

continued



Sellers did not pick up a big pot. He won a mere 159 races in 1964, fewer than half his victories in his national-champion campaign of 1961, and the \$804,269 his mounts brought home was a bagatelle compared to the \$2,141,729 (\$565,349 of it by Carry Back) in '61. Sellers had dropped all the way to 21st ranking among the 1,200 money-winning members of the National Jockeys' Guild.

"No, they didn't have to run any benefits for me," Sellers says. "But I did have a slump. I rode badly for a while, and I knew it." It's hard to tell where the slump began, because the year 1963 was not a good one for Sellers. The year before, he had been taken off Carry Back ("he's as good a rider as anyone when he's right," said Owner-Trainer Jack Price, "but he wasn't right"). Still, he finished sixth among the money winners and was awarded a contract by Wheatley Stable. On May 18, 1963 he quit Wheatley in one of those purgings that are always described as "amicable" but seldom are.

"I wasn't getting any mounts," Sellers says. "I just didn't get along with Mr. [Sunny Jim] Fitzsimmons. He wanted me out at the barn at 6 a.m. I said I'd work any horse he wanted me to, but I didn't want to go out there just to hang around."

Such reluctance follows the Arcaro maxim, "It's hard to get up in the morning when you're wearing silk pajamas." After making that \$180,000 in 1961, Sellers had added another \$120,000 or so in '62; the living was good and he was liking it. Success, it seemed, had struck again.

"I don't think I was spoiled," Sellers says. "Of course, the money changed my way of living. I don't know, you just feel you should do some things differently when you have the money." Quitting a stable of Wheatley's stature is something different, not calculated to endear a rider to trainers who call jockeys "boys" and expect them to act the part. In any case, Sellers' business suffered. His 1963 winning percentage slipped to 13.1, far below the 24% of 1961, and he barely cleared \$80,000.

John Sellers does not look like a jockey. A shade over 5 feet 6 inches, he is slim enough to do 113 pounds without scourging his body with diet, steam and self-induced nausea as so many must do, but not gaunt enough to be conspicuous. He has the intelligence to know that trainers are not infallible in the preparation of their steeds, and the integrity not to give them the consolation speech most of them expect after a losing race. Plucked off the farm at 16,

he attended enough night classes to come within one English credit of a high school diploma before the big money began rolling in "and it seemed to make sense to concentrate on racing." Even with the big money in the bank, he studied for a real estate license. He was, without being stuffy about it, a serious young man. And then suddenly in 1963 he wasn't anymore.

Sellers' change of mood became evident after an allowance race at Aqueduct that November. He finished third on something called President Jim, but the race was such a rodeo that nobody tore up any tickets. When the stewards had unscrambled the double foul, they disqualified President Jim from third and placed him third. Like the umpire who said, with the bases loaded, "Ball four, you're out," they had no other place to put him.

Sellers thought that was pretty funny. It could have cost him a 10-day suspension, but suddenly Sellers was considering everything pretty funny. "I got in with the wrong people," he says. "You get to be—you know, famous—and all these people are around. Important people, people with money. It's funny: I don't think of myself as a big deal, but it seems that the little people, the ordinary people, are sort of afraid to come near you. Anyway, I seemed to lose my sense of values. I was with the wrong people, doing things I shouldn't have done—things I wouldn't have done if I'd been evaluating properly."

The principal loss to Sellers in his scramble of values was his wife, Janice, and their son, Mark, then 4. "Things weren't going well at all. I sent her home in November. The situation didn't have to go as far as it did, but Janice was pretty upset." Janice was still serious. Johnny very shortly found out that he was divorced.

On any backstretch, any morning, you can see exercise boys, hot-walkers and stall-muckers who were, or were going to be, race riders. Some of them didn't have the strength or the guts or the power of concentration for an exacting, perilous, vengeful game in which death rides every race every afternoon.

Johnny Sellers had the strength, the guts and the head, but he had tried to convince himself that he really didn't give a damn. When they closed Aqueduct that December 1963, he was still trying; in the badinage in the jockeys'

continued

SELLERS' CONTENTMENT IS SHARED BY HIS WIFE JANICE AND HIS SON MARK



Captain Frank Bount, Jr., 1st Officer, Wesley Charnick, 2nd Officer, Julia Campbell

Why do all Eastern flight crews
go back to school each year?

For the same reason there
is a nursery in every Falcon Lounge.



Why are we expanding our Whisperjet fleet? (Soon there will be 50.) Why may you dine aloft on famous Rosenthal Chino? Why do all Eastern flight crews go back to school each year?

Why? For one reason. We want to make Eastern the finest, most comfortable airline you've ever flown on. Every new convenience, every new comfort we add along the way becomes another opportunity for us to say, "Thank you for flying on Eastern."

Whisperjet is a service mark of Eastern Airlines, Inc.



See how much better an airline can be

Who cares if water is clean...or traffic is snarled...or streets



General Electric provides motors and controls for water- and waste-purification plants. These plants help prevent pollution and preserve our country's natural beauty.



Traffic runs smoothly with G-E TV monitors and controls. City traffic is cut by public transit using G-E propulsion, power distribution, computer-control systems.

are safe at night?



G.E. street lighting cuts nighttime hazards: Downtown St. Louis, burglaries cut 35%, N.Y. C. areas, crime cut 71%. Indianapolis, night traffic accidents down 54%.

General Electric cares

(and we're trying to come up with
ways to solve the problems)

The President of the United States has focused national attention on some of America's most pressing civic problems.

Every day, the problems get bigger. (Every day, 11,500 new Americans are born. That's the happy root of the trouble.) Water scarcity. Commuting jams. Rising education costs. Spoiling of natural beauty. Water pollution. Nighttime crime. Inadequate recreation facilities. All the aches and pains of growing.

Solutions aren't easy to come by. But, at General Electric, we believe they're not impossible to find, either.

Right now, we are working with authorities in hundreds of communities, with good results in areas like those shown at left. If people care enough to want to do something, G.E. cares enough to want to help.

We do this to serve our customers better, of course. But the people at General Electric have another good reason for wanting to help America solve its problems.

We live here, too.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



You'll go better refreshed with ice-cold Coca-Cola. Gives a lift to your spirits, a boost to your energy, a big, bold, unmistakable taste. In short, Coca-Cola is more than an ordinary soft drink.

things go
better
with
Coke



room, in which he had been only a peripheral, jovial participant, there was a cynical, almost nasty edge to his remarks. Nothing mattered very much, he was telling himself, every thing had gone flat.

Sellers took his troubles onto the track, as they all do. "When I took him off Carry Back," Jack Price says, "it wasn't just because he got beat in the Widener. He had put in four bad rides. He's a good rider, but he had problems. One time, I know, his kid was sick. I don't know what the rest of it was, but a man can't do his best when he can't concentrate on his work."

"I know I rode badly," Sellers says. "I wasn't paying attention to my business. But what the hell did I have to work for? To pay alimony?"

Sellers' world had fallen apart, but there was a glue that held it together. Around Miami that winter there were more than a few double takes when Johnny was seen squiring this pretty blonde. It was Janice, no longer his wife but still his date. "There was something there," he says. "It took me some time to realize it, but it was always there."

They were remarried six months after they were divorced, and that should have been the happily-ever-after fadeout for the story. Racing, however, is not nearly as sentimental as purposed in the Lon McCallister-June Haver movies. Nothing fails like failure for a jockey, whose reputation is forever caught up in a deflationary spiral. If he is losing because he has been riding bad horses, he gets worse horses because he is losing. If he is on a comeback, as Sellers' agent tried to tell the people he was, the trainers say: "Good. I'd like to ride him after he wins a few—for somebody else."

So 1964 crept out its relatively petty pace and Sellers found himself going relatively nowhere. He finally did win a stakes race, with Hail to All, but his other Hialeah experiences this year were indifferent. This occasioned an awkward situation, inasmuch as Sellers' agent was Bill Lyons, who happened to be Janice's father. The awkwardness was compounded by the fact that Sellers had fired Lyons in May 1960, after what may be described as Reappraisal I. He and Janice had decided at that time that although Father-in-law meant well and tried hard, Sellers needed "a real professional" agent. He hired Bud Aime, a real professional.

continued

When discriminating people gather...

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE
CROSS
SINCE 1846

FROM FOUR-FIFTY
TO FIFTY DOLLARS
EACH

AMERICA'S FINEST WRITING INSTRUMENTS
SINCE 1846
A.T. CROSS
LINDA, WOOD, TOWN, NEW YORK

For business or personal use...

Talk To Messages two-way radio from your car or home or office — use it on the highway for personal or emergency messages — use it in the field for hunting, fishing, boating or camping — use it to get help or to get instant contact anywhere! Modern's widest most popular line offers a choice of price range, features or accessories. Easy to install, easy to operate. (Terms listed on request)

YOUR OWN 2-WAY RADIO



JOHNSON

WRITE
TODAY for
color literature!

E.F. JOHNSON CO.
2224 10th Ave. S.W. • Waco, Texas

T. Jeremiah Beam just received his 52nd year service pin



And he's darn proud of it! He's a 5th generation member of the Beam family... and he and 6th generation Beams make Beam Bourbon today just as the Beams have for 170 years. Try light, smooth Jim Beam. You'll see why T. Jeremiah and all the other Beams are so proud. It's the World's Finest Bourbon Since 1795.

**BEAM'S
170th
BIRTHDAY**



BE PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM
DISTILLING CO., CLEMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY

An agent must con, cajole and even tell a little fib now and then to get business for his rider, but above all he must hustle. With Aime's hustling, and a little bit of luck, Sellers arrived in 1960. When Willie Harmatz became lukewarm about riding T. V. Lark, Aime was there and Sellers rode T.V. Lark to victory in four consecutive \$100,000 races. Then Bill Hartack became disenchanted with Carry Back after the 2-year-old lingered in the gate in the Champagne Stakes. Sellers got on him, won the Garden State, the world's richest race at that time, and the rest is history. John won the first two parts of the Triple Crown on Carry Back and Jack Price does not blame him for being beaten in the Belmont Stakes.

In the fall of 1962 Sellers parted with Aime, who wanted to go back to New Orleans, and in the next two and a half years used no fewer than four other agents. The last was his father-in-law once more. But when he moved from Hialeah to Gulfstream Park last March 4, he bid another "amicable" farewell ("sure, there was some hell to pay") to his father-in-law and hired Duane Murty.

Murty is young, having preceded Sellers by only one year at Will Rogers High School in Tulsa, and he hustles. At Gulfstream he hustled Sellers onto the promising 2-year-old Our Michael, and they won four straight stakes. Then he got him on Pin Star just in time to equal



AN ALERT GAMESMAN, Sellers (second from right) passes the time between races at Saratoga.



McGreg goes smoother than ever—in a sport shirt of Fortrel polyester and cotton from Galey and Lord, A Division of Burlington Industries. For your nearest retailer write us at 1407 8th Ave., N.Y.

Galey & Lord



HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW

Everybody should drink it all the time. Or at least once in a while.

Why? Because better beer just isn't made. Need a for instance? O.K. Our brewmasters actually age Heineken for three months. That makes for naturally tiny bubbles. And the smaller the bubbles the better the beer. So if you drink Heineken often, you know what great beer is. And, if you enjoy it just once in a while, you know what your regular beer should be.

HEINEKEN IMPORTED BEER

the world record for the mile in the Equipoise Handicap at Chicago. Psa Star's subsequent victories in the Suburban and Brooklyn handicaps, contrasted with his merely "useful" status of 1964, seem to support Sellers' appraisal of Murty as "a good judge of horseflesh."

Nothing fails like failure or succeeds like success. The trainers now listened when Murty made his rounds in the morning. In one space of four days (July 21 to 24), Sellers was called upon to win the Great American on Our Michael at Aqueduct, the Hollywood Oaks on Straight Deal at Hollywood Park and the Brooklyn on Psi Star at Aqueduct. The package added up to \$122,472.50, 10% of which is right in line with Sellers' big thinking. But there were a couple of things he liked even better than the big money.

"Retire at 30?" he said the other day. "No, I want all I can get. I love this game. I still get a kick out of things like trips to California. You're in New York today, Hollywood Park tomorrow and back east in New York the next day. I couldn't ever go back to a farm. I might have one and visit it, but I don't want to be far from the cities."

"And I like their coming to me and asking me to ride their horses. I don't want to take just what I can get, the way I did the past couple of years. No, I got enough recognition in those years when

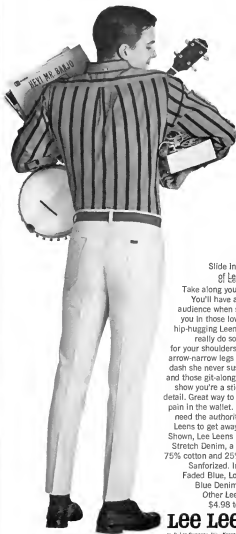
continued



tegs in an outdoor series of rethorse run-my. Sellers plays for high stakes, and well.

You can date for less in Lee Leens.

(With the authority of the Leen-look, you can convince her that going out... is out.)



Slide Into a pair
of Lee Leens:

Take along your banjo.

You'll have a captive audience when she sees you in those low-riding, hip-hugging Leens. (They

really do something for your shoulders.)

Those arrow-narrow legs give you dash she never suspected,

and those git-along pockets show you're a stickler for

detail. Great way to date; no pain in the wallet. But, you

need the authority of Lee Leens to get away with it.

Shown, Lee Leens in Lastic Stretch Denim, a blend of

75% cotton and 25% nylon.

Sanforized. In Wheat,

Faded Blue, Loden and

Blue Denim. \$6.98.

Other Leens from

\$4.98 to \$6.98.

Lee Leens®

© D. Lee Company, Inc., Kansas City 43, Mo.



Some People DISCOVER EXCITEMENT With Roamers

It's there. Roamers speak the boldly charted course. Created for a type of man... they announce the rich heritage of craftsmanship. Proud, hand-sewn stitching. Hand sorted choice leathers. Roamers will add an exciting mark of tradition to your search for a place in the sun.

*Hand sewn vamp



ROAMERS

 by **SEBAGO-MOC**
Created in Westbrook, Maine

Now at most fine shoes. Write SEBAGO-MOC Dept. 51, Westbrook, Maine, for store nearest you!

**Are there
any more
170-year-olds
like Beam?**



This year Beam Distilling is celebrating its 170th Birthday. And the fifth and sixth generation members of the Beam family are still making light, smooth Jim Beam Bourbon... The World's Finest Bourbon Since 1795. Do you know of any other companies where one family has made the same product, to the same exacting standards, for as long? Drop us a line—we'd like to hear about them.

**BEAM'S
170th
BIRTHDAY**



66 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM
DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.



Rich, moist,
aromatic
**BOND
STREET**
stays lit



Chamberlayne JUNIOR COLLEGE
CO-ED IN BACK BAY, BOSTON.
SINCE 1962

8-YEAR PROGRAMS:

- General Arts • Bus. Adm. • Advertising • Social Sciences • Science • Education • Law
- IBM DATA PROCESSING LAB

Dormitories • Social/Recreational Activities
FOR CAMPUS WHITE DR • HARDEN
120 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS



You'll love the way your
game goes—when you
follow Charles Goren's
bridge tips (regularly in
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED)

JOHNNY SELLERS ROAMER

I rode Carry Back and Yorky and T.V. Lark. That's not the thing. I don't think I got their respect. I think some people believe it was a flash in the pan."

Sometimes, in this game of whim, superstition and suspicion, nothing fails like success. There are jockeys whose reputations are depreciated by some trainers in almost direct proportion to the number and value of races they win. The argument goes like this: the horse won all these races and all that money; he must be a very good horse; if he is such a good horse, what did the jockey have to do with it?

They say Mongo pulled Wayne C. Hambers out of the saddle. When Mito Valenzuela is given any contributory credit for Kelso's success, it is given grudgingly. And there are doubts about Sellers. Like the Senator asking what Pearl Harbor was doing in the Pacific Ocean, people question why Carry Back always seemed to make his move on the outside of the pack. Why wasn't he crashing along the rail?—"saving ground," an expression that always looks good in the official chart, even if the horse loses.

The implication is that Sellers is "timid," a dirty word at the racetrack because sporting horsemen cannot abide a jockey's reluctance to get himself killed. Sellers knows about that. "I was never timid," Sellers says. "I was cautious, or too polite, or whatever you want to call it. Like if there was a space where only one horse could go through, and I thought I didn't have that much horse left, I'd let the other guy go through."

"But no more. If anybody gets to a hole before I do, he's got to beat me to it. The hell with being polite. I want these people to know that when they put me on a horse they get the best ride they can get. I've decided in the last year or so that I have to be more aggressive. I don't mean I'm going to do anything on the track to get myself set down for 10 days or get into a fight in the jocks' room, necessarily. But I have to convince them that I'm mean enough to get the job done."

Sellers is getting the job done. If Duane Murty keeps hustling, and the luck isn't bad, and Sellers keeps getting meaner, the moving finger may have to write more about 1965 than the fact that the Yankees didn't win the pennant. It may have to point out that it was the year Willie Shoemaker didn't make the most money.

END



Sensible spectacular... Rambler Classic ...with Budd-built body parts

Spectacular in spirit, sensible in size, the 1965 Classic is the biggest, most powerful ever built . . . gives spectacular performance, sensible gas mileage and economy. The Rambler Classic is but one of the 28 leading American cars for which Budd supplies quality parts.

Budd Automotive products include... Fenders • Hoods
• Roofs • Doors • Body Panels • Frames • Wheels •
Rims • Hubs • Drums • Disc and Drum Brakes.

Budd
Detroit, Mich. 48215
"An equal opportunity employer"

The best stadium coats for fall 1965 are inspired by the bench warmers worn by football players. Those for men and boys—made of heavy-duty wool melton—are very close to the real thing. Those designed for women come brightly plaided or boldly striped and in such nonathletic materials as dyed rabbit, but the general idea is preserved. They are roomy enough to jump up and down in, and they have hoods to defend the wearer against the contrary elements of the football season. The coats also are moderately priced—most selling for \$16 to \$40—a fact that is likely to make them the best-selling outerwear since the historic duffle of the 1950s, which was inspired by the World War II Navy watch coat. The bench warmers worn here by young spectators are photographed against giant projected images of moments from football seasons past. It should be noted that there is no law against wearing a bench warmer on a walk in the woods, in an open car or back to school.

Bench Warmers

Flanked by a trio of larger-than-lifefize Detroit Lions, Kathy Lipson wears a bench warmer patterned with a plaid like a lumberjack's. Details of prices and where-to-buy information are given on page 39.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN C. ZIMMERMAN

The looming image of Quarterback Bart Starr and a panoply of Green Bay teammates frame four fans in bench warmers. The girls' bench warmers are both in plaid—one a reversible hooded wool cape, the other of printed rabbit fur.

Both boys are wearing versions made of melton cloth.







Sporting Look

Against the bright panorama of a game between the Packers and the Bears, David Farrar and Sharon Queeney are hooded to ward off the night chill. Sharon's bench warmer is actually a three-piece outfit, a navy melton suit with a golden stinge for emphasis and a hooded golden wool-jersey blouse.

WHERE TO BUY

The lumberjack-plaid wool bench warmer worn by Kathy Lipson facing page 34 is by La Sport. It has a quilted lining, a detachable hood and is \$40 at Bamberger's, Newark; Filene's, Boston; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh. On the next two color pages, from left to right, Kathy Lipson wears a wool cape that reverses from plaid to all black. It is \$35 at B. Altman, New York; Macy's, San Francisco. The melton bench warmer worn by David Busch has a plaid lining. It is by Woolrich and costs \$40 at Filene's, Boston; Milton's Clothing Cupboard, Dallas. The plaid-printed rabbit-lur bench warmer worn by Sharon Queeney is by Barlan. It has a detachable hood and is \$290 at Abercrombie & Fitch, New York. The melton bench warmer worn by Ashley Bell is by Peters Sportswear. It is \$16 at Hughes-Hatcher Saffrin, Detroit; Emery, Bird & Thayer, Kansas City, Mo. On color page opposite, David Farrar wears a bench warmer by Great Western with an acrylic-pile lining. It is \$40 at Baskin's, Chicago; Wallace's, New York. Robert Sloan made Sharon Queeney's navy melton suit with golden team stinges and a wool-jersey blouse. The suit is \$80, the blouse \$25 at Bergdorf Goodman, New York. All the girls' stockings are made by Bonnie Doone.

Martin's spent
8 years getting ready
for tonight.

Relax and enjoy it.



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86-87 PROOF, IMPORTED BY HUNNESSON & ROSSINI, INC. NEW YORK, N. Y. © MCMAR 1985

©1985 P. LORELLARD CO.



Meet
Omega

the civilized cigar!
Built like a filter cigarette.
Mild as a cigar can get.
Pleasure without inhaling.



A scraggly eight miles of island just off the coast of Connecticut and seldom publicized, because that's the way its residents want it, is a vacation hideaway for some of the country's biggest and wealthiest names. Fishers Island makes Newport and Bar Harbor sound common

ISLAND OF THE DISCREET SHUDDER

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Score one point for yourself if you have ever heard of Fishers Island. Score two points if you know where it is. Score three if you know someone who has been there. Now forget about going yourself because the people who go there do not need to score points.

Fishers Island—or Fishers, as it is called simply by those in the know—is an eight-mile strip of woods, beach and golf green at the head of Long Island Sound. It is, Cleveland Amory once wrote, the last resort of the big rich, and they want it kept that way. Fishers, in fact, is so exclusive that it is not even mentioned in the official federal guide to New York State, and John Hay Whitney, a prominent summer resident and publisher of the *New York Herald Tribune*, once rejected a poem that an islander submitted on the grounds that lyrical allusion might prove ruinous.

To Fisherites the worst disaster ever to hit the island was not the 1938 hurricane but the 1951 visit of Amory, who came over to scout the good life for a chapter in one of his books. Although Amory was generally complimentary,



Fisherites were so incensed at being done up in print that they promptly exiled the chap who had invited him over. "We don't want any publicity," the Reverend Dr. Arthur Lee Kansolving, rector of posh St. James's in New York and a confirmed Fisherite, says with a discreet shudder. "Publicity ruined Newport and Bar Harbor."

Among the summer residents are the Roger Firestones, the Jerrold T. Bryces, the Jansen Noyeses (senior and junior), the Grant Simmonses ("she's Horlick's malted milk and he's beds"), the Cass Canfields and a dozen du Ponts (including Pierre S. III, Reynolds, Wilis H., Mrs. George de F. Lord Jr., Mrs. W. F. Harrington and Mrs. Richard E. Riegell). To such folk Fishers offers a respite from the cares of capitalism. Once, many years ago, when Lamont du Pont Sr. was stricken with a heart attack, a doctor was rushed to the house. Seeking to render aid, the doctor asked, "Where's your nitroglycerin?" "Why," murmured du Pont, rousing himself, "we always keep that at the factory."

For the big rich, Fishers is also a place where the children can grow up and meet and eventually marry their own kind. Any number of summer romances have blossomed into matrimony, capped by the inevitable Lester Lanin waltzing, and the interlocking kinship between some families is enough to befuddle the most dedicated genealogist. As a mating ground, Fishers is a sort of Episcopal Grossinger's.

Fishers lies only five miles off New London, with which it is connected by ferry, but through historical fluke the island is part of New York instead of Connecticut. Fishers was first settled in 1644 by John Winthrop Jr., a governor of Connecticut, and for years that state claimed jurisdiction. In 1879 New York, which based its claim on a 1664 grant to the Duke of York, finally wrested control (though Connecticut is now exploring ways to buy the island back from New York). In return, Connecticut then received full title to the Fairfield County panhandle, which intrudes into New York's Westchester County.

For more than 200 years Fishers—

the name, incidentally, is of unknown origin—was the personal fief of the Winthrops. In 1865 a family named Fox bought the island outright and farmed it until 1878, when they sold part of the western end to a friend, George Bartlett, who had been shipwrecked there. Several years later friends of Bartlett, Edmund and Walton Ferguson, bought most of the rest of the island.

Up until this year the Ferguson family had been the principal landowners, but recently they sold off the bulk of their holdings, which included the electric company, the telephone company, the waterworks, a construction firm and one of the two gas stations on the island, to a syndicate composed of a number of the prominent families who summer there. The syndicate, known as the Fishers Island Utility Company, is not likely to utilize anything at all. Fisherites like the island the way it is now. "We want it kept a quiet resort place," says Lee Ferguson, the head of the Ferguson family. "We don't want a mass of people."

The multimillionaire John Nicholas

continues



Brown was a prime factor in making Fishers a fashionable place for society. Once known as "the world's richest baby" (he was supposedly raised on milk from a cow given distilled water thrice daily), Brown started spending his summers at Fishers after meeting Anne Kinsolving, the reverend doctor's sister, whom he married in 1930. The 1938 hurricane flattened their home, Windshield, but they erected a new house of glass, also named Windshield. Not long afterward the senior Lamont du Pont bought the adjacent hill and built a house that cut off part of the Browns' view. Some Fisherites jokingly dubbed the du Pont house Windshield Wiper, but the house was no joke to Brown, who later packed up and moved back to Newport, where his mother had a home.

For a long spell Windshield was on the market at the bargain price of \$135,000 (it had cost \$300,000), but last year, in a gesture of goodwill, Brown sold it to the Fishers Island Country Club for the nominal sum of \$1. Now the club gets \$50 or \$100 a day for rooms.

Ordinarily Fisherites will go to great lengths to keep peace with their neighbors. Laurance Rockefeller, who summered on the island until three years ago in a house now owned by the William Campbells, was all set to chop down a tree on his property until Jack Whitney,

who lived nearby, supposedly protested. Whitney liked looking at the tree, the story goes, so Rockefeller spared the ax. Whitney himself has one of the more opulent houses. Severely modern, it cost upward of \$500,000 to build, and the grounds were once equipped with a seaplane ramp. (Whitney has given up his seaplane, as well as his private PT boat, and now commutes to the island in his own turboprop jet.) Strategically placed about the grounds are 50 recessed sprinklers. Despite an abundance of such knickknacks, Fisherites are fond of insisting that theirs is the simple life. When a guest once asked Mrs. George Hardy why her 12-bedroom house had 13 bathrooms, Mrs. Hardy solemnly replied, "My dear, you can't expect my husband and me to share a bath?"

Fishers has 2,500 summer residents, excluding servants. The younger families usually reside around the Hay Harbor Club on the western end of the island, where they can rent cottages for \$2,000 a month or more. The youngsters sail Weasels in the harbor, while the parents golf at the club's nine-hole course by the sea or loiter about the bench. The only public bars are The Harbor and The Pequot Inn, which the summer residents rarely frequent, and older teen-agers are sometimes driven to pass the time by pointing signs on the macadam road that runs the length of the island: THE PHANTOM STRIKES, RIPPY PIPPY, REPENT

BROTHER and, most fittingly, SWEAT NOT. "When it rains," sighs a girl, "there is absolutely nothing to do."

The central section of the island is marked by a sign warning that trespassers will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Beyond the sign are the great houses and estates of the solidly established older crowd. Until three years ago the Fishers Island Country Club owned a mammoth Tudor-style structure of stone, brick and slate that served as the hub of social life. When the clubhouse began to lose money at a rate exceeding \$50,000 a year, the members decided to blow it up. In September 1963, in a ceremony worthy of a battleship launching, Mrs. Pierre du Pont pushed down a dynamite plunger that sent the northwest wing satisfactorily skyward. Before she pushed the plunger Mrs. du Pont complained mildly, "Why isn't it a du Pont detonator?"

Otherwise life at Fishers is sedate. Ladies on the beach are usually seen in dressmaker-style bathing suits. "No bikini," said one matron firmly. And as for gold-thonged sandals and gold lamé beachwear, well, as one young lady put it, "At Southampton, yes, but at Fishers—oh God, no!" "No one on Fishers has to put on airs," says a social observer from Watch Hill (R.I.), just a brisk sail across the water. "What the hell, they've got it made." On Fishers the merest hint of pushiness is enough to damn anyone.



According to one story—which Lee Ferguson says is false—a socially ambitious couple once rented the late Sir Samuel Salvage's gabled manse now occupied by Lady Salvage's nephew, David R. Wilmerding. Every afternoon they hopefully hoisted a cocktail flag. No one came. They left fireless at the end of the season. Fisherites still shudder at the thought of them.

Although practically all the summer residents are Republicans, a snub administered to Robert Barry, a former Congressman from Westchester, may have hurt Nixon in 1960. Just before Nixon was nominated, Barry gave up his rented cottage in Hay Harbor to buy a home on the eastern part of the island. When the presidential campaign began, Barry was supposed to join Nixon's staff. As an experienced Republican who had campaigned with Wilkie, Dewey and Eisenhower, Barry would have been a knowledgeable member. But Barry stayed away from the campaign to fight gossip that he was "too aggressive" to be a member of the Fishers Island Country Club. No matter how he tried to correct the impression, it proved futile, and he was not admitted to the club.

Now and then Fishers' exclusivity is a source of merriment. Perhaps the most celebrated story has to do with a Swiss baron who decided to sail the Atlantic alone after the war. The baron made a remarkable voyage and, after 58 days at sea, he spotted what he took to be the Connecticut coast. In sheer exhilaration, he paddled ashore in a rubber boat. Shore turned out to be the Fishers Island Country Club beach, and as the baron waded happily through the surf the club members retreated en masse. It was not until a venturesome Swiss governess spoke to the interloper and established his identity that club members returned.

Besides being a social haven, Fishers is a sporting haven. In mid-spring sea-run brown trout on their way to mainland streams sometimes put in an appearance, and in the late summer striped bass feed offshore in schools and bluefish abound. Indeed, Edward C. Migdalski, a Yale ichthyologist, considers The Race, the stretch of water between Fishers and the Gull Islands, "one of the world's best areas for bluefish." Otis Horn, the gun-dog trainer, once donned Aqua-Lung equipment and searched out the deep holes along the shore where the larger stripers lurk and, as a result, he

knows where to catch fish almost at will. During one night of fishing he landed 24 stripers, the largest of which weighed 55 pounds, and he confidently expects someday to break the world record of 73 pounds on hook and line. There is also excellent largemouth-bass fishing in the freshwater ponds on the island. And for the benefit of Fisherites who like to shoot, the island is stocked with thousands of giant pheasants, which, when not being shot at, swarm like barnyard turkeys along the roads and over the fairways of the golf courses.

For the most part, however, present-day Fisherites eschew field sports for tennis and golf. The courts are jammed but, as one summer resident wistfully laments, "We haven't produced a Davis Cup player in 50 years." Whether soft or hard, life on Fishers is pleasant, if one happens to have the necessary cachet and wherewithal. Efrem Zimbalist Jr., the actor, passed his boyhood summers on the island (his mother was Alma Gluck, the opera singer, his father the concert violinist) and, as Zimbalist recalls it, "life was simple and grand—in Chekhov." Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, the deep thinker now with The Fund for the Republic, also used to summer on Fishers, and he takes pains to deny that he ever found the island intellectually stagnant. "I always had a delightful time there," he says.

Fishers has a permanent population of 450 "natives" who by and large provide the labor force for the summer residents. Some of the natives feel as though they are kept in a state of economic subjection, dependent as they are on 10-month-absentee landlords. None of the natives cares to speak out publicly, but a reporter who happens along is shuttled about like a downed Allied flyer amid the French resistance. "This is the last Latin American island in North American waters," one native complains.

Several years ago the natives hoped that Fort Wright, the abandoned artillery base at the western end of the island, would be developed as a middle-income resort after the government auctioned it off. But then a group of regular summer residents banded together to buy the fort for \$350,000, and the barracks and quarters have, with few exceptions, been slowly going to rot.

In the summer the chief native recreation is to watch the ferries to and from New London. "It's something to see,"

says a native. "It's 'dahling' this and 'dahling' that." Another adds, "I'd never miss the Labor Day ferry. There are the chauffeurs, the dogs, the children, the luggage. You'd think with all the carrying on they'd at least be going to Europe instead of New London, just 40 minutes away."

In an effort to improve their lot, natives occasionally come up with ideas that could do Fishers and themselves harm. One scheme, for instance, called for the local airport to be refurbished to handle international jet traffic when Idlewild was shut down by weather. A sounder proposal has been put forward by Mrs. Frank J. Clark, a year-round resident, a member of the Fishers Island Country Club and daughter of George Bartlett, who bought part of the western end back in 1878 and later invited his friends, the Ferguson brothers, to the island. Mrs. Clark would like to see a private school or college established on Fishers. "It would make the island," she says.

Without doubt, Mrs. Clark is the freest spirit on the island. A widow, she rises at 4 in the morning to write marathon novels that she dispatches to a select circle of friends abroad. "I don't care about society or protocol," she says. "I once locked a Marine general in a chicken coop, and he was a Biddle of Philadelphia at that." In her youth Mrs. Clark rode with the Warrenton Hunt, and she once led a cavalry charge down Pennsylvania Avenue during a suffragette parade. If a film were ever to be made of her life, Margaret Rutherford would be an obvious choice for the lead. When the Fisherites at the big-name part of the island placed a sentry in a booth by a wire fence, she told him off and stomped on through. Shortly thereafter the guard was withdrawn and both booth and fence demolished. During the day Mrs. Clark watches birds, paints landscapes, reads Angela Thirkell and Georgette Heyer novels, denounces Administration tax policies and looks after her holdings around Hay Harbor.

Not long ago a visitor to Mrs. Clark's home expressed surprise that she was planning to sell. "Self? Sell?" said Mrs. Clark. "I'm not planning to sell." Her attention was directed to a for-sale sign at the foot of the driveway. "Oh, mercy!" she exclaimed. "That's just up to attract people. You should see the characters I meet!"

END

Los Angeles Ram fullback **Dick Buss**, who is a bail bondsman during the off season, sometimes hires private eyes to track down errand clients. The most satisfactory of these detectives, says Buss, was one called Deputy Dog. "Deputy Dog would always get his man," Buss fondly recalled, "if it took him 40 years. Once he trailed this fellow to Detroit, then to Chicago and finally to Arkansas. Then he brought him back. That's what I wanted, of course, except that he brought back the wrong man. I can't use Deputy Dog anymore. He's serving a three-year term in Arkansas for kidnapping."

Back in the dressing room after a hard day's shooting, it is fitting and proper that **Chuck Connors**, present western star and former Dodger and Cub first baseman, should take his turn ministering to kindly old Doc O'Malley. In the NBC-TV episode of *Bravado* that has just been filmed, **Walter O'Malley** patches up Connors after a bullet wound, radiating humor, cigar smoke and good cheer all the while. Connors, who accidentally provided real torn ligaments for Walter to mend, has

only himself to blame for giving O'Malley—an engineer by education, an attorney by profession and a dabbler in advertising, construction and baseball by whimsical inclination—the chance to practice medicine (and acting) on him. If O'Malley wields a scalpel the way Connors handles that powder puff, i.e., approximately the way the Dodgers swing a bat, the experience could hurt worse than being traileed.

Cassius Clay was a new, more philosophical Muhammad Ali after his trip to Sweden. "My old stunts don't work no more," he said. "Now when I holler, 'I'm the prettiest,' the crowd turns away. It was all kind of a joke when I was nothing, but now I am a big man and it isn't funny anymore. So I can be myself now—quiet, humble."

Lineman **Roosevelt (Rosie) Grier**, one of the Los Angeles Rams' Fearsome Foursome, seldom has much trouble on the field, but at the table—well, he'll never make any money writing a book on how to diet. Alarmed by his ballooning to 330 pounds last year despite shaking off occasional pounds on *Slowly*,

Grier went on a crash diet at the start of the season. Roosevelt progressed nicely down to 299, then shot back up to 312. His explanation: "I kept taking that Metrecal and I got to liking it so much I started drinking it with all my meals and even with a few snacks."

The night man at the Sands Hotel in San Diego told the gent who had just dived into the pool that he couldn't swim without a lifeguard on duty. It wasn't until the nocturnal swimmer obediently climbed out of the pool that anyone recognized **Johnny Weissmuller**.

As football coaches' internal temperatures go, **John Bridgers** is known to be on the scowling end of the scale. Baylor purists, therefore, are only moderately astonished to see an unruffled Bridgers sitting in the stands "most every game. Last fall one Baylor student even encountered him down at the concession stand during a crucial series of downs. "Boy, coach, you sure have cool," the student said. Well, maybe, but then this Bridgers has the advantage of not being the coach. Actually, John Bridgers' amiable twin brother, Frank, who often escorts John's wife, Frances, to the games to further confuse the fans, can get as excited as any Baylor fan.

William Harrah, who operates casinos in Reno and Lake Tahoe, also operates a museum full of cars in Reno. He owns classic, vintage and antique cars by the hundred. Recently, however, Harrah scaled down his interests enough to acquire an exact working miniature Bugatti, complete with tiny electric motor. There are only 10 such models in existence, but this time the car did not go to the museum. It was Harrah's first gift to his adopted and only son, John Adam Harrah. Young Harrah will be allowed to drive his own Bugatti in 1971—when he turns 6.

While their fathers train at William Jewell College in Liberty, Mo., the sons of Kansas City Chief Guard **Ed Budde**, Defensive End **Jerry Mays** and Quarterback **Len Dawson** have been doing their own scrimmaging. Theyoungsters follow theirdads' routine—blocking dummies, scrub games, showers and all. "Gee," says 7-year-old Brad Budde, "I don't see why Daddy is so tired at night. This is fun."

Dennis Weaver, no longer in *Gumshoe* or *Kennedy Jones* but with a stable of four racehorses to show for his television roles, was offered a choice spot in an episode of *Starlin's People*. He had to give it up. Reason: a commitment to coach the Fresno (Calif.) Little League All-Stars. The boys repaid him by winning five straight games in their playoff series.

St. Mary's College campus near San Francisco is often used for nontelevised purposes during the summer. Right now, for example, it is being used by the 49ers as a training camp and by the *Queakers* as a summer encampment. The other morning 49er Coach **Jack Christiansen** was stopped at the door of a dining room by an attendant, who asked for identification. "I'm a football coach," said Christiansen. "Oh," said the attendant, "then you aren't a Friend, are you?" and nonviolently directed him to another mess hall.

Poor Nellie. The flashing, exploding, opponent-busting scoreboard in the Houston Astro-dome emblazoned the embarrassing news in front of 41,732 spectators. "Sorry, Nellie," it signaled. Coach **Nelson Van** on the Houston bench. "Texas All-Stars 26, Pennsylvania All-Stars 10." Fox, a native of Chambersburg, Pa., who had made numerous bets on the football game, afterward refused to reveal how much he had lost. "I'm using the same excuse the Texans did last year," he grumbled. "We didn't put our best team on the field."





Kee's lodgings,



Lester's library, Lou's limousine,



Linda's life, Len's livelihood, Laura's luxuries.

Your **USF&G** agent can insure them all. This long line of coverages from a single source means that your USF&G agent can help you plan a blanket program designed to give you the protection you need . . . efficiently. Call on your USF&G agent with confidence. He has the experience and the desire to serve you well. You'll find him in the Yellow Pages . . . consult him as you would your doctor or lawyer.

THE **USF&G** COMPANIES, BALTIMORE 3, MD. United States Fidelity & Guaranty Co. Fidelity & Guaranty Life Insurance Co. Fidelity & Guaranty Insurance Underwriters, Inc. Baltimore 3, Md. Fidelity Insurance Co. of Canada, Toronto
CASUALTY • FIRE • MARINE • MULTI-LINE • LIFE INSURANCE • FIDELITY • SURETY BONDS





Thinking of a new sport coat this fall? Here's a great one: natural shoulders, flap pockets—and a rich brown herringbone in a shape-looking blend of 55% Orlon® acrylic, 45% wool. The slacks of 55% Dacron® polyester, 25% "Orlon" are tops for sleeping in, too.



The Young Man in the Know Knows Dacron®

He knows "Dacron" adds built-in neatness to all the right clothes for back to school. "Orlon", too, is a sure way to look great, stay neat. Here's a sample of the top styles you'll find at these and many more fine stores.



Better Things for Better Living...through Chemistry

BOSTON..... Kennedy's
Boston & New England
CHARLOTTE... Sherman's Ltd.
CHICAGO..... Lytton's
CLEVELAND..... Higbee Co.
DETROIT..... J. L. Hudson
HOUSTON..... Rodney's
LOS ANGELES... Desmond's
Southern California
Norm Meager, Southern California
MILWAUKEE... Brills—All Stores

MINNEAPOLIS-ST. PAUL Young
Quinlan-Rothschild
OMAHA Brandeis Campus Shops
PHILADELPHIA John Wanamaker
PITTSBURGH..... Kaufmann's
RICHMOND... Berry-Burk & Co.
ST. LOUIS..... Boyd's
SOUTH BEND..... Gilbert's
OAKLAND... Smith's
SEATTLE... Klopferstein's, Inc.
*De Peet's registered trademark.



This sweater-shirt has everything. Rag-it all shoulders. Mock-turtle neck. And a soft, stretch knit of 70% "Dacron" polyester, 30% worsted wool that holds its shape through rugged wear and regular washing.



New wrinkle requirement for fall: a brocade suit with elbow, notan-shoulder lines. This one is 95% "Dacron" polyester, 45% worsted wool—so it'll keep in clean-cut good looks even through rain.



Remember when raincoats were just old big words? Not this one. The poplin of 65% "Dacron" polyester, 35% combed cotton always dries smooth and neat—and stays that way through lots of rain.



Belted, button-down type plays in a hefty Oxford cloth button-down with the all-day resiliency of 65% "Dacron" polyester, 35% combed cotton. The slim slacks are poplin in the same dependable blend.



This coat will see you through all four years in great style. It's a bumpy, wrinkle-shedding poplin of 65% "Dacron" polyester, 35% combed cotton, lined with light, warm pile of 100% "Orlon" acrylic.



Handsome new addition to your blazer collection: casual, comfortable hopsack in a rich camel tan. Because it's 60% wool, 40% "Dacron" acrylic, it needs no babying to keep it looking great.

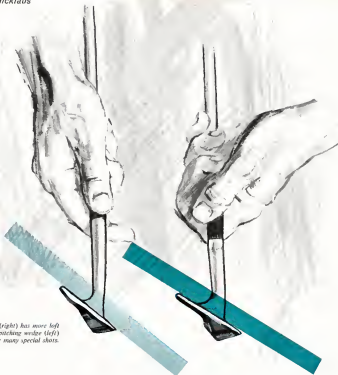
*A little Glitter
goes a long way
with Me*



Yes, Zsa Zsa, and a little glitter does wonders for all the new cars, too.
Nothing adds as much flair as stainless steel wheel covers.



United States Steel



FRANCIS GOLDEN

Because sand wedge (right) has more loft and flange than the pitching wedge (left) it is the best club for many special shots.

You don't need sand to use a sand wedge

You can find more uses for your sand wedge outside of a bunker than in it. In fact, I use mine for pitching more often than I do my pitching wedge. It has approximately 3° more loft than the standard pitching wedge and a considerably heavier, more rounded flange. This makes it especially valuable for those delicate short shots that must fly over a trap or mound and then stop on the green, for the sand wedge gets the ball up quickly and with backspin. I also almost always use my sand wedge for pitch shots within 65 yards of the green, even when I am in the center of the fairway and there is no intervening trouble. I do this because the greater loft allows me to go ahead and hit the ball fairly hard. You are less likely to miss a shot when you do not

have to baby it. The sand wedge also has many other uses. Try it from the rough, where the heavy blade and flange get under the ball more effectively than a pitching wedge, or from loose or sandy turf, where you need to play an explosion or cut shot. The pitching wedge would probably dig into the turf, but the rounded flange of the sand wedge will bounce up.

When there are no such special advantages to be gained by using the sand wedge and you are in doubt whether to use it or the pitching wedge, then I recommend that you try the pitching wedge. The fact that the pitching wedge has less weight and loft, while a disadvantage in the situations mentioned above, makes it a little easier to control.

'I'm going to keep the money and give away Gary'

Dave Marr was always witty and charming, but he was also unknown. Now, since his PGA win, little Dave is going over big

It might even be that Dave Marr, the recently ordained champion of The Professional Golfers' Association of America, could develop into a new kind of American folk hero. A fine thing it would be, too. Marr is a man who enjoys a good glass of whiskey when nighttime comes, is not averse to a second one, and will wrestle any man in the house to get the check when it arrives. At 5 feet 9 and 155 pounds, he spends practically no time at all worrying about his muscles, and he eats only the food that tastes good. Although he never got past the second year of college, Marr reads

more books in a week than lots of athletes do in a year—or a lifetime. Finally, he is a fast man with a quip and he relishes punking the stuffed shirts of golf's officialdom.

All of these admirable qualities went relatively unnoticed during Marr's first 10 years or so as a pro golfer. He made a decent living and won a few tournaments—the Sam Snead Festival and the Seattle and Azalea Opens—but you had to be one of the cognoscenti to appreciate the full flavor of Dave Marr. The public didn't get a chance until the 1964 Masters, the first big tournament

in which Dave was ever close to the top.

Standing on the tee of the final hole, Marr needed a birdie to tie Jack Nicklaus for second and was six strokes behind Arnold Palmer, who was about to win. Like everyone else, Palmer was delighted to see Dave doing so well. "What can I do to help you?" Palmer asked as they were about to hit their drives.

"Make a 12," replied Marr.

As it turned out, Marr sank a 25-foot, curling putt for the birdie, and for practically the first time all those millions of people watching television noticed Marr's boyish face and wide Irish grin. The fellows who make golf things noticed, too. Pretty soon, Marr was earning as much from endorsements as he was on the golf course. Eventually, he won \$37,142.38 last year, but he never finished first. Frank Gifford, the former New York Giant football star and one of Marr's closest friends, started calling him "Ronnie Runner-up."

By this time Marr's colleagues on the tour had saluted his blend of intelligence and charm by electing him to a two-year term on their tournament committee. Through his second year, Marr served as committee chairman. As such, he had to spend most of his spare time doing paper work, cosigning checks, talking on the telephone and otherwise supervising the day-to-day problems of tournament golf. Under Marr's chairmanship the tournament committee put the finishing touches on several innovations that the players had wanted for some time—things like a 13-week TV package that brought in an extra \$600,000 in prize money, a school for rookie pros and a four-ball, team-match tournament during the slack season in December.

Every now and then Marr would become exasperated with the plodding ways of the PGA's entrenched hierarchy, and his sharp tongue would inflict a few slash wounds. On one occasion he referred to a PGA official as "either an overpaid clerk or an underpaid executive." When his term as chairman came to an end last month, Marr spoke out publicly about some of the exasperations he had encountered (SI, August 9), and the PGA went into a foot-stamping fury that even included talk about suspending him. Marr's reply was to win the association's championship a week later. The smiles on the faces of the PGA executives as they presented him the huge Rodman Wanamaker Trophy were a bit strained,



MARR HAD A WISCRACK READY AS HE RECEIVED PGA TROPHY—BUT PDROOF IT

but Marr looked as if he had just put away a canary casserole.

At this same ceremony Arnold Palmer, who tied for a lowly 33rd in the tournament, was given one of the pink jackets worn by the members of the host Laurel Valley Golf Club and was baptized as an honorary member. When it came time for Marr to speak he turned to Palmer and said with a grin, "Now that you've got a member's coat, you're beginning to play like one."

Professional sport has gotten to be such a solemn business in recent years that athletes are not supposed to talk that way in public. Marr can't help it. He admires Palmer deeply, but likes to needle him, too, for Arnold takes life very literally. Last year, after Palmer announced he was going into the laundry business in New York, Marr said to him, "If any golf pro is going to do my laundry, it is going to be Chen Chung-Po."

Golf was a logical sport for David Francis Marr Jr. to take up as a boy. His father was a club pro in Houston, and Dave was too small to be very good at other games. His football career, for example, ended at the age of 12, when a kick in the face left him with a scar on his left eyebrow. "I broke up a bridge party at home when I walked in with that," he recalls.

The senior Marr introduced Dave to golf gradually, and gave him the foundation for one of the few classic swings still to be found among the tournament players. "I have a picture at home," Dave says, "showing me hitting a golf ball when I was 12 or 13, and the swing looks about the same as it does now. I'm still making the same mistakes."

When Dave was 14 and the Marr family had just moved back to Houston from Beaumont, Dave Marr Sr. died suddenly. That left Mrs. Marr with four children to support, of whom Dave was the eldest. He continued at St. Thomas parochial high school, but he also went to work for Robie Williams, an old friend of the Marrs, who was the pro at Memorial Park municipal golf course. Dave did all the odd jobs there are around a pro shop, including sweeping out at night. Williams kept Dave in clubs and balls, and saw to it that he had sufficient opportunity to play.

Marr was a good enough student at high school and a good enough golfer at Memorial Park to get a scholarship to Rice Institute at the age of 16. He

continues



A COOL SHOWER is always welcome to Jack Daniel's sawyers and rickers who make the charcoal to smooth out our Tennessee whiskey.

It gets pretty hot when we're burning ricks of hard maple. But the charcoal that results makes it all worthwhile. You see, it's ground up and packed tightly 10 feet deep in vats. Then our just-made whiskey is seeped down through it...



drop by drop. This is called Charcoal Mellowing. And the rare *sippin'* smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's is worth all the rick-burning, rain or no rain.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED



DROP



BY DROP

©1965, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

8 times more power to relieve pain of hemorrhoids!

Soothing Nupercainal concentrates on pain!
Prolonged relief of pain, burning and
itching starts in minutes.

If you suffer from the misery of hemorrhoids, remember this about remedies you can buy for temporary relief. A leading "shrinking" preparation contains no anesthetic to relieve pain.

No wonder so many doctors recommend Nupercainal. Soothing Nupercainal relieves pain, itching, burning fast...gives prolonged relief...because it has over eight times more pain-killing power than the other most commonly-used topical anesthetics!

Nupercainal quickly puts raw nerve ends to sleep...thus puts pain to sleep. Lets you go about your business...relieved of the stinging pain, burning and itching torment of hemorrhoids. Get Nupercainal Ointment today—handy applicator with each tube. Start to live again, in comfort!



Your gift speaks for America when you feed hungry people with \$1 Food Crusade packages through CARE, New York 10016.

How To Stop Athlete's Foot Itch

At first sign of itching, cracking, peeling between toes, apply Dr. Scholl's Solvex for fast relief! Amazing medication works three ways:

1. Stops the intense itching.
2. Kills Athlete's Foot fungi on contacts.
3. Promotes healing! Available in Ointment, Liquid and Powder or Push-button Spray.



Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX

GOLF CONTINUED

kept it for only a year, and then the University of Houston, which was just beginning to get into big-time collegiate athletics, lured him away for its golf team. "I didn't really go to college seriously there," Marr says. "I just horsed around and played golf for a year and a half. But things were getting tough for my mother, who was working as a waitress at a Howard Johnson's, so I quit school and got a regular job."

By the time he was 19, Marr had decided to turn pro. One night at dinner during a Florida tournament he met Claude Harmon, the pro at the Seminole Golf Club in Palm Beach and at Winged Foot Golf Club near New York. A few days later Harmon offered him a job as an assistant to replace Mike Souchak, who was going out on the tour.

Harmon and his wife, Alice, took the rough edges off the boy from Memorial Park, just as they had done for so many other assistants who went on to score big on the tour or to take lucrative club jobs. Marr learned his lessons well. Right after he won the PGA one of the first things he wanted to do was appear at the Harmons' house in a blue suit and Argyle socks, an ensemble that Alice Harmon had persuaded him to abandon shortly after she began polishing him up. Today, Dave's clothes are sometimes described by reporters as Madison Avenue. Actually, they are more like modified Princeton—tastefully reserved, but with just a hint of dash.

It was as a Harmon assistant that Marr really learned his craft. Even today, it is to Harmon that he turns for advice and assistance, and it was the Harmons who took charge of the wedding at Palm Springs, Calif. in 1960 when Marr married pretty Susan Davidson, then a minor backstage functionary working on a Victor Borge spectacular.

Susan was soon pregnant. At Portland, Ore. in 1960, she bore their first child, Elizabeth. David III followed a year later. When Dave left home to play in the PGA last month, Susan was nearly two weeks overdue with a third child. On Saturday, the third day of the tournament, Marr blew a two-foot putt and the lead on the 18th green in front of a few million TV viewers, including Susan. "If he didn't have the baby then," he said in the press tent afterward, "I guess she'd never have it." The next afternoon on the 18th green and again in front of TV, Dave sank the putt that won the

championship. That was all Susan had been waiting for. A son, Anthony, was born 3 1/2 hours later.

After a promising start early this year, Marr began missing far too many short putts. When he failed to make the cut at the Masters his game went into a slump. The money was still coming in from all those ancillary benefits of pro golf, such as the Jamtzen International Sports Club, one of the most rewarding endorsements an athlete can make. The only golfer in a group that included Gifford, Paul Hornung, Bobby Hull, Bob Cousy and Jerry West, Marr at least felt like a champion. He and Susan bought a new \$40,000 house in the New York suburb of Larchmont, and Dave was enjoying his popularity in the TV-sports set that hangs out at Manuch's, Toots Shor's, and Eddie Condon's.

When Dave missed the cut at the U.S. Open in St. Louis, it was time to think seriously about golf. "I wish you could do something about David's attitude," Susan Marr said to Claude Harmon one evening while Dave was in Toronto playing in the Canadian Open. "He doesn't believe he can win anymore."

Trips with kings

Harmon said he doubted that the trouble was in Marr's attitude. He thought Dave was trying to do too many things besides play serious tournament golf—things like the trips to Acapulco and Hawaii for the Jamtzen ads and England for *Shell's Wonderful World of Golf*, to say nothing of his work as tournament chairman. "You can't beat fellows like Nicklaus and Casper with only half your concentration," said Harmon. ("You can't play every week," Marr says now. "And besides, all those Jamtzen fellows are kings in their fields. Maybe some of the class rubbed off on me.")

At the same time Marr was getting some help with his swing from his good friend Johnny Pott. He widened his stance, gripped the club more firmly and began to go at the ball with more authority. Soon he was playing much better, and the following week at the Insurance City Open in Hartford, Conn. he led the tournament well into the final round. But on the 14th hole on Sunday his attention wandered, and he drove his tee shot out of bounds. He finished in a tie for third place, collecting a perfectly respectable check for \$4,000. A couple of hours later he was home in Larch-

ment, thoroughly dejected. "Susan," he said, "I'm never going to win another tournament. There's too much dog in me."

The mood was only momentary. Marr was now playing the best golf of his career. Never a long hitter, his fairway woods and irons were as straight and true as any in golf. His sand shots, which he had learned from the alltime master of the bunkers, Harmon himself, were dependable, and his putting touch had returned.

Marr finished 11th at the Thunderbird, and then 12th at Philadelphia, but was still 25th on the money list as the PGA Championship began. Suddenly, everything he had been working on came together in four of the best rounds of golf he had ever played. Everyone said the Laurel Valley course was only for the big hitters, but Marr kept the ball out of the thick rough that was troubling the more muscular types. On the morning of the final day Dave awoke to find a note that had been slipped under his door by his cousin, Jack Burke Jr. All it said was, "Fairways and greens, Cuz." That was the way Dave played it.

When it was all over Dave Marr was suddenly swept by strong emotions. "The money, the \$25,000," he said in front of the reporters in the press tent, many of whom were almost as pleased at his success as he was, "that's for me. The victory, the championship—that's for all the people who helped me along the way: Claude Harmon and Robie Williams and Mr. Lynch and Mr. McCormac and Mr. Shattuck at Winged Foot and Mr. Dunphy at Seminole. . . ." His voice broke, and he wiped some tears from his eyes, and then came that Marr smile. "I'm crying," he said, "but otherwise I'm very happy."

A few hours later, he was sitting on the terrace at the rear of Arnold and Winnie Palmer's house. By now the news had arrived that Susan had had her baby and was doing fine. A group of friends was seated around Dave, he had a glass of fine whiskey in his hand and he was happy. Slowly, the real Dave Marr began to surface out of the day's excitement. He recalled how Gary Player had given away his \$25,000 U.S. Open purse. "Damn it," he said, "I had my speech all ready for the presentation ceremony, but I was so rattled I forgot it. I mean to say I was keeping the check and giving away Gary."

END



THE CLASSIC LOOK! Here's the ultimate in traditional Ivy styling —LEVI'S Truncuts—tailored in the ultimate sportswear fabric—handsome, rugged, wrinkle-free 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% combed cotton! Never need ironing because they're LEVI'S Sta-Prest—the original permanent-press slacks!

LEVI'S® STA-PREST
with **DACRON®** *Du Pont's registered trademark

© The names LEVI'S and STA-PREST are registered in the U.S. Patent Office and denote garments made only by Levi Strauss & Co., 50 Battery Street, San Francisco 94011.



Our agent in Saratoga Springs is doing his Kentucky Derby shopping early. His selection until further notice is Buckpasser, a colt of impressive size and family, who murdered them in the Hopeful Stakes

He may run all the way to Churchill Downs

Saratoga's Hopeful Stakes was so named because the owners and the breeders of the 2-year-olds who make it to the starting gate in this venerable race expect and trust them to be better-than-routine sprinters. Run at six and a half furlongs, it annually marks the occasion when eastern juveniles are asked to go farther than the standard three-quarter-mile sprint distance. Horses that respond with speed and courage are reasonable bets to become champions. No fewer than 12 winners of the Hopeful, Saratoga's closing-day fixture, have gone on to take the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes the following year, and if you look over the list of Hopeful victors during the last two decades you will find the names of Middleground, Native Dancer, Nashua, Needles, Hail to Reason, Jaspur and Bold Lad.

Last week another impressive name was put on the list: Ogden Phipps's big, leggy colt Buckpasser, who looked so good winning the 61st Hopeful that if Caliente opened a 1966 Kentucky Derby book this week he would have to be the favorite. No doubt this view will be challenged in Chicago, where a few weeks ago the horsemen at Arlington Park saw three sensational winning sprints by a Ribot colt of John Galbreath, Graustark. Speculation about any young horse is risky, but some horsemen were so taken with Graustark that they were calling him a once-in-a-lifetime colt. On August 6 Graustark won the six-furlong

Arch Ward Stakes, easily beating the best 2-year-old out of California, C. V. Whitney's Port Wine, by six lengths in 1:09 1/5. Then Graustark was fired for a splint. He may miss the rest of the season. With Graustark out, Port Wine should have come on strong in Arlington's Futurity Trial, three days before the Hopeful and also at six and a half furlongs. Instead, Port Wine beat only two horses in a 13-horse field and was trounced by more than 16 lengths by the winner, Our Michael. Who is Our Michael? He is a son of Bolero who won four eastern stakes before going to Arlington. In one of the eastern stakes that he did not win, the Saplingat Monmouth Park, he was beaten by Buckpasser.

Not having seen Graustark, I am not qualified to join those who say he is another Man o' War. I hope that he recovers in time to run in the November 20 Garden State. As for Our Michael, he is staying in Chicago, and he will race against Buckpasser once more on September 11 in the Arlington-Washington Futurity. That one is at seven furlongs, and some suspect that Our Michael is not going to relish the added distance. Sons of Bolero, a brilliant sprinter, are not noted for their staying power.

However, in Buckpasser, Phipps and Trainer Bill Winfrey may have something very, very special. He has won seven consecutive races (starting from way back in one to dead-heat Hospitality). These were sprints, and Buckpasser is

bred to be a stayer. He is by Tom Fool, who could run as far as horses have to, and his dam is Busanda, by the Triple Crown winner War Admiral.

"He seems to want to run at horses," says Winfrey. "This is the sort of good sign that Native Dancer showed me. This colt just acts like a natural stayer. In his dead heat he walked out of the gate and then made up a dozen lengths, but in almost all of his races he showed he had enough speed to get position early and keep running after he made the lead."

Buckpasser showed some adolescent greenness at the Hopeful starting gate. "When the gate opened," said Jockey Braulio Baeza, "the ground broke out from under him, and he went right to his knees." But he recovered amazingly fast. While Buckpasser was getting himself straightened out after his shaky start, Indulto and Impressive (the latter owned by Phipps) cut out the early pace. Baeza moved with Buckpasser at the half-mile pole, and the race was all but over. Buckpasser circled the two leaders and drew away from the eighth pole home to beat his stablemate by two and a half lengths, with Indulto third in the seven-horse field. The time of 1:16 was excellent on a track that was called fast but was not as fast as it can be. Granted, there are some fine 2-year-olds in Chicago, but I say that Buckpasser is the horse to beat—not only for the 2-year-old championship but also for the 1966 Kentucky Derby.

END

Four Masters from Canada

While thousands of bridge players were breaking every kind of attendance record at the Summer Nationals in Chicago last month, four Canadians set a different kind of record in the battle for the Spingold Trophy, emblematic of the Masters Knockout Team championship. The same four players who took the title last year in Toronto—a harrister of Scottish descent, a bridge teacher and coach who had been born in Iran, a veteran flyer of World War II and a lifetime sufferer from cerebral palsy—successfully defended their championship. This was the first time in the 32-year history of the Spingold Trophy competition that the same team had won two years in a row.

Most of the 128 teams entered (the largest entry ever to play in a knockout team event) consisted of five or six players; Canada's Eric Murray, Sammy Kheila, Percy Sheardown and Bruce Elliott decided that four players were

the finals were a quarter completed. The Murray team had taken a big lead over Kaplan's team, 37-12, and then came the tenth board of the session (left), in my opinion the board that decided the match then and there.

In the closed room, where the board first was played, Elliott, sitting West, passed at his first opportunity but leaped to four clubs when Sheardown made a somewhat light double of Kaplan's opening diamond bid. This was doubled and set 500 when the defense collected the first five tricks: two diamonds, a diamond ruff, a spade and a heart. But what seemed like a sure Canadian loss was turned into a profit as the crowd watching Bridge-O-Rama witnessed the following action:

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(On lead)	(Ablet)	(Mr. Hendon)	(Murray)
3 ♠	DOUBLE	PASS	3 ♥
PASS	4 ♥	DOUBLE	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Both sides vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH	
♠ A 5 3 2	
♥ A K J	
♦ A K 8 7 2	
♣ 5	
WEST	
♠ Q 4	
♥ 10	
♦ 6 4 3	
♣ A Q 10 9 8 4 2	
EAST	
♠ K 9 8 6	
♥ Q K 7 4	
♦ Q J 10	
♣ K J	
SOUTH	
♠ J 10 7	
♥ 9 8 5 3 2	
♦ 3 5	
♣ 5 7 3	

enough, just as they had the year before when they went through 11 rounds of play without defeat. In Chicago they were still undefeated when they reached the finals and had to face the powerful team of Edgar Kaplan and B. Jay Becker of New York, Norman Kay of Philadelphia and Mrs. Dorothy Hayden of Hastings-on-Hudson. That the Canadians would remain undefeated through an unprecedented 16th straight knockout match became inevitable by the time

Becker opened the club ace and continued clubs, forcing dummy to ruff with the jack. Declarer cashed one high heart and two top diamonds, ruffed a diamond to establish the suit, then led to dummy's last heart. The good 8 of diamonds was led, and Mrs. Hayden had her choice of losing plays. If she ruffed high declarer would discard his losing club. When she ruffed low Murray overruffed and led his last trump, giving the defenders their second trick with the queen of trumps but forcing a spade return. The spade 10 was covered by the queen and was won by the ace. The good diamond was cashed, Murray discarding his losing club. Then dummy led a spade and Mrs. Hayden was helpless to prevent Murray from winning a tenth trick with his spade jack.

The Canadian plus was 790, a net of 290 on the combined result and a gain of 7 International Match Points. Up to this point each team had gained on two deals and five were standoffs, but from here on the tide ran steadily toward Canada.

ENO

**1795 was a
great year
for bourbon**



That's when Jacob Beam created Beam Bourbon. Today, 170 years later, it's still made to Jacob's formula by fifth and sixth generation members of the Beam family. Taste how they're doing—try light, smooth Jim Beam. You'll agree . . . 1965's a great year for Bourbon, too!

One Family . . . One Formula . . . One Purpose . . .
The World's Finest Bourbon Since 1795.

**BEAM'S
170th
BIRTHDAY**



86 PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM
DISTILLING CO., CLEMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.

Master Hosts make every trip a vacation!

Across America the Master Hosts sign means "instant vacation"—fine food and lodging, and the most relaxing, enjoyable facilities possible. Whether you travel for business or pleasure, look for the bright gold knocker with the name Master Hosts . . . Count to Court, Government America's Finest Master Hosts!



Send for your FREE directory today.
MASTER HOSTS 5500 Cero Road Boulevard
New York, New York 10008

Name (print)

Address

City

State

Zip

the sixth day it was cold, wet and wintry at People's Stadium. Under those conditions there was no chance for a record. Matsun's 66-foot 7½-inch winning throw, however, was eminently satisfying.

As in all competition, there were disappointments. American Sprinter George Anderson, for example, finished second to Japan's Hideo Iijima in the 100-meter dash (both were clocked in 10.1) and second in the 200 meters to Russia's Edvan Ozolin (both were clocked in 21) and wondered aloud how come he was as fast but always lost. A German, Hans-Joachim Klein, won the 100-meter freestyle swim, upsetting Don Roth (no relation to Dick Roth, who won the individual medley). But the only defeat over which the Americans could justifiably complain—and not because of the handling of the games, for that was splendid—was that of top-seeded Allen Fox of Los Angeles in the tennis finals.

Things had gone badly with Fox from the beginning. First he and his playing partner, Don Dell, in a mix-up of dates,

were in Poland competing in the Polish Nationals when play began. After an overnight train ride from Katowice to Warsaw and a flight to Budapest, they arrived to learn that they had been scratched. With Hungarian support and Fowler's appeals they were reinstated. Fox promptly won two singles matches back to back with a 15-minute rest. In a match with a French player who was being coached from the sidelines, Fox snapped, "Cut it out! You know that's illegal." The Frenchman replied: "It's illegal to be two days late, too," and kept it up. Finally the Hungarian officials intervened on Fox's behalf.

The next day Fox and Dell played three doubles matches—the entire tournament in one day!—and beat the crack Russian combination of Sergei Likhachev and Tomas Lejus (doubles winners over Dennis Ralston and Chuck McKinley at Wimbledon in 1963) 4-6, 6-3, 6-3, 3-6, 6-4 in the finals. "Hay, hay, hay!" cried the approving Hungarian spectators.

But there weren't enough natives around the next day when Fox took on Rumanian Ion Tiriac in the singles semifinals. It was raining, windy and cold, and the fans who showed up were the noes), strategically situated Rumanian rooting section. They hounded Fox, got his goat by applauding his errors and Tiriac's fine shots and the American was badly beaten in two straight sets. When the Rumanians were at their worst the referee tried in vain to quiet them, then asked Tiriac to intercede. "I am not the interpreter!" shouted Tiriac. Afterward in the locker room he and Fox had a violent argument and Tiriac, who is better than he sounds, cried, "I could beat you and Dell together."

Still and all, Fox's discomforts were drowned out by a general feeling of well-being on the part of the Americans and the unqualified admiration of the Hungarians. "We must go to the next one [in 1967, probably in Tokyo]," said Olympic Champion Bob Schul. "With a really big American team." **END**



NOW HEAR THIS! NOW HEAR THIS!

Amphibious radio, mate. Goes down to the sea in cars... then out in ships.

RF-1006M, a battery-powered portable car radio that slides out of its bracket mount to travel with you anywhere.

Three bands to choose from: Marine AM/FM. Automatic Frequency Control for precise, fine tuning.

And wait till you pipe the sound: 10 powerful transistors and six diodes to bring the signals in... a 5" dynamic speaker to boom them out. A great radio (it ought to be—we've refined our technique by building more than 20 million radios—a ton of experience).

You already have a car radio? Trade-in your car.

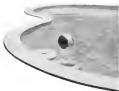


PANASONIC

by MATSUSHITA ELECTRIC

Pan Am Building, 200 Park Avenue New York, N.Y. 10022
* Cross lightly to right — Corning

For \$1,008* you can buy half a swimming pool



or fly Qantas to Sydney—and make a real splash.

Sydney has a sparkle matched by few cities. Anywhere. It's a sprawling, lighthearted city filled with modern architectural shapes. It's also the home of one of the most beautiful harbors in the world. And just 45 minutes from Sydney you can visit sheep station country—the sundowner's domain. When you fly Qantas to Sydney you can also visit the romantic Fiji Islands—everything you've dreamt of in a South Pacific paradise. Qantas offers you everything you've ever dreamt of in the way of service, too. Get in the swim. Fly Qantas to Sydney. See your travel agent or Qantas.

*Economy round trip air fare from San Francisco.

QANTAS Australia's round-the-world airline

Flies to: Boston Philadelphia Washington D.C. Dallas Chicago Toronto Montreal Dallas Salt Lake City San Francisco Los Angeles Vancouver Honolulu (BOAC General Sales Agent in many cities)

The face seemed the same, except for the marks and the blood, and so did the mop of wildly jumbled hair. Even on his great nights, Sugar Ray Robinson's slick pompadour always stood on end as soon as the fighting began. But this was years away from the great nights. It was the 10th and last round of a bout in Honolulu last month (see cover) with a 31-year-old journeyman named Stan Harrison, who had beaten Robinson once before. Not in the rematch Sugar Ray lost

you only a round or two. There was little sign of the vicious punching or the brilliant combinations that had made him six times a world champion. His dream of getting one last crack at the middleweight title was dead, and perhaps he knew it—and perhaps he did not. A few weeks before Honolulu, after a dusty win over a nobody, he welcomed photographers to his hotel bedroom and smiled like a reigning champion (below). Ray Robinson is a very hard man to convince.

ROY OL CARROLL



SUGAR: DOWN BUT NOT QUITE OUT

BY LARRY L. KING



Miss Bruce perched on a high stool munching cheese crackers and sipping a soft drink, maybe ignoring and maybe savoring the smell of liniment and sweat that pervaded the undersized gym of Washington's Jewish Community Center. She said, "I die inside when he fights. It's hard to see a person you love in that ring. He's a wonderful fighter, a wonderful human being. I've never known a man like him. He's something else."

"He" is Sugar Ray Robinson—once welterweight king, five times middleweight champion. Robinson is 45 now, and there were those listening to Miss Bruce who believed that time has passed him by, along with Dick Nixon and shaving mugs. But Robinson was to fight the next night. Why? Was he broke? "Nobody," Robinson had told a reporter, "has ever been champion six times."

Nobody has ever been champion even once by losing back-to-back fights to unranked Stan Harrington and Memo Ayon—a double sin committed by Sugar Ray in the month before this fight. Yet he was preparing to meet another somebody of widespread obscurity, a chap from Bridgeton, N.J. named Young Joe Walcott (but no relation to Jersey Joe), in Washington's raunchy Coliseum. You knew that if he knocked Walcott from here to Casper, Wyo., it would not be big news anywhere except in Casper. You knew, too, that the once-fearsome Robinson had taken to beating fellows named Clarence Riley and Rocky Randall in places like Pittsfield, Mass. and Norfolk, Va., and that in Rome last year he earned no better than a draw pounding the soft underbelly of one Fabio Bettini.

But, waiting for her fiancé to work out, Miss Bruce was all dimples and unshakable faith.

"Of course, Ray's in shape!" she gasped to a question, her dark eyes indignant. "He runs every morning in New York. Twice around the reservoir. I know, because I go with him. I don't run, but I go." Miss Bruce, a trim model who looks as though she could run with Sugar, was quiet for a moment, then apologized for their late arrival in Washington. "Ray's mother was operated on. He just wouldn't leave New York until he knew she was all right. She's a strong and wonderful woman. She's got needles and tubes in her neck, but this morning at the hospital she said, 'Don't forget, Mama told you how to win this fight. Jab him. Jab him, and follow through.'"

Upstairs a friendly little lady bustled about the center's main lobby in distress. Forty or 50 curious people milled about in low humor. Some had waited more than two hours for the workout promised by Promoter J. Edward Weaver, more to bullyhoo the fight with Walcott than to tone the ex-champ's muscles.

"Papers say the public invited," intoned a husky man in workman's clothes.

"We don't have any place to put you," the lady said. "Can't you see the newspapers had it all wrong?"

The lady went downstairs to tell Weaver. Weaver, in turn, edged up to George Gasford, Robinson's crusty trainer-manager, who, with proper solemnity, solved the problem: the public would be admitted to an adjacent basketball court for a few minutes of rope-skipping.

THE SIX TIMES ROBINSON WON WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS



New York, 1946: Bell, decision.



Chicago, 1951: Jake LaMotta, KO in 13.



New York, 1951: Randy Turpin, KO in 10.

Millie Bruce said, "We didn't know this was to be a public workout. In fact, Ray hadn't planned on any workout. He ran this morning. You won't believe him! He looks—why, he's much more handsome than his pictures. He looks so young! A man said to him the other day, 'You can't be Ray Robinson!' And Ray said, 'I better be. I've thought I was for 45 years.' Forty-five and he's still walkin' and wantin'."

At the moment Sugar Ray was walkin' circles in a dressing room the size of a small closet, wantin' to know when in hell the show got under way. In his good days Ray Robinson invaded Paris with special troops even Hitler hadn't thought to provide for himself: hair stylists, court jesters, manicurists, handgrups, favored cronies, golf pros and secretaries. His temperamental outbursts rivaled Maria Callas', and he was as independent as Charles de Gaulle. This was the Ray Robinson of the near-Kennedy pomp-dour, the long purple Cadillac and the \$50 tips. He was a merry, mercurial king, who could laugh one minute and bless out the faithful Gainford the next. But when the time came and Robinson fought he was a thing of beauty, jabbing, crossing, dancing, a dangerous cobra striking, a mongoose skirting danger until time for the kill.

"He's a kind man," his Miss Bruce was saying. "In Jamaica, the Dominican Republic, Stockholm—he goes to visit hospitals, shut-ins, all kinds of handicapped people. And he asks no credit for it. He does it even when he's not promoting a fight. He tells me, 'Gump, my luck's been good. I got enough to share.'"

The kind man appeared at the door. There was a stir as the invited and uninvited recognized him, the man who had chopped down Steve Bellesse, Randy Tarpan, Bobo Olson, Carmen Basilio, Gene Fullmer, Kid Gavilan. Robinson hit them and their eyes crossed.

Robinson drifted into the gym, wrapped in a white terry-cloth robe. He had a bemused grin on his face that said he knew the joke, and the joke was not on him. He did not, you noticed, walk on his heels. "Honey," Miss Bruce called, stretching her hand toward Robinson. But he was gone, carrying his cockeyed smile to the heavy bag a dozen paces to her left. When Robinson shrugged the robe with one shrug of his shoulders he revealed a body even a young man would trade a dozen years for. On smooth, brown legs he shuffled in on the bag, his face carefully deadpan. There was a quick flash of fistic history before your eyes' left, left, left, right uppercut, left hook, jab.

"Punch it out to all cameras," Gainford called. "Right into the lens, Ray. That's it, baby. Both hands." Robinson's fleet grin beat his next tattoo of punches by a split second.

Happy, Promoter Weaver said, "Don't he boss that bag?"

"Yeah," said a newsman. "The bag can't punch back." Gainford was saying, "Over to the light bag, Ray." Millie Bruce smiled. "I want you to see this. He can really do this." Sugar Ray really did it, all right. He made the small gym vibrate with rat-a-tats, now a blurred left, now a matching right, now a crescendo of moving fists and now a raised eyebrow at his manager, as if to inquire why all the

continued

Sugar Ray beat Tommy Bell for Marty Seisso's vacated welterweight throne, held it four years and then, to find opponents, stepped up in class. He won the middleweight title

five times, retired once, successfully came back (against Olson) and three times regained the title from men who had taken it from him: Tarpan, Fullmer and Carmen Basilio.



Chicago, 1923—Bello Olson, *AP Wirephoto*



Chicago, 1927—Gene Fullmer, *AP Wirephoto*



Chicago, 1930—Basilio, *AP Wirephoto*

overtime. Gainford said, "O.K. Let the crowd in. He'll skip rope. Wait a minute. Somebody cut those bandages off his hands."

Softly, Robinson said, "You cut 'em, George." Gainford produced a knife, and he cut 'em.

Pushing toward the basketball court, men with overgrown biceps talked the fight game. One was Holly Mims, a so-so middleweight who still feels he could have been champion, if only he had gotten the breaks. He fought Robinson in 1951, thought he had won ("Man," he says to me after the fight, "where they been keepin' you?") and this week he was to be on the same card with Robinson, but not against him. "I could hit him with a right. I could hit him—but I couldn't put him down," Mims said. He yelled something indistinguishable to Gainford, only to be grandly ignored. The fans who had waited so long now milled in to stand on a balcony looking down on the court. They were still, serious, staring at the master.

Millie Bruce again was enthusiastic. "Wait till you see that man skip rope. They asked him to do it on television. Just come on television and skip rope." She beckoned Robinson over. The ex-champ was affable, smiling and extremely brief. His quick handshake and mumbled acknowledgment of the niceties smacked of old rituals. Though he looked tired, the only mark on him was a healing cut above the right eye. He seemed shy and withdrawn, but you realized his was artful shyness. Like a practiced politician, he gave a tidbit and with it the illusion of feint. The rule book said, "Smile and keep moving," and Sugar moved quickly to center court, smiling ever so slightly.

Millie's enthusiasm grew. "Look at this. See, music goes with this. Only they don't have any." Sugar Ray's rope made its own music on the hardwood floor: *tappa, tappa, tappa, tappa*. Abruptly, he stopped: "That's all." He rewarded the silent spectators with a lackadaisical wave, and for a moment he threatened to smile.

Promoter Weaver frowned his way over to Millie Bruce. "God, he looks tired."

"Sure, he's tired. He ran this morning. Two times around the reservoir."

Weaver looked doubtful. A tall man who once boxed lightweight in the intramural program at West Point, his chest has slipped and his hair thinned. He asked, "How far is that?"

"A long way," Miss Bruce said vaguely. "You know, Ray's been up four straight nights because of his mother's operation."

"That mother thing worries me," Weaver said. "That can mess him up." The promoter tapped his head. "Up here."

"Don't worry about Sugar. He just needs a good night's sleep."

The boxing crowd clustered around Robinson, their professional eyes inspecting him for flaws. They thrust out hands, still wanting to shake with the "champ." Robinson endured their advances, then in response to some private

signal he suddenly broke away, jig-danced over and poked Millie on the cheek and followed this with a mock left uppercut to her chin. Robinson was acting. He is not talkative as he once was, and one gets the feeling around him that he would love to shake the burdens of being a celebrity. But he is still not ready for the last hurrah.

Gainford spoke to the crowd. He said how Sugar Ray appreciated their coming by and would be grateful should they come out to back him Thursday night. Then he told how Ray's of mama was bad sick, and how Ray needed rest because he'd kept a faithful four-day vigil at her bedside. Everybody clapped, but Robinson wasn't around to hear. He had vanished to the private world of his dressing room, where no hands awaited the fraternal grip and you did not need to grin, even slightly, unless you felt like it.

George Gainford started in the amateurs with Ray Robinson back when hamburgers cost a nickel and only Wall Street lawyers had heard of Wendell Willkie. He was in his corner 25 years ago when Robinson launched his pro career by knocking out Joe Echeverria. This night he sat in his shirtsleeves in his small room at the Mayflower Hotel, mopping his brow and complaining about Washington's awful heat. He said, "I can't tell you one thing about that boy we fight tomorrow. I don't know his record, his manager—I don't even know how many arms he's got."

Can Sugar Ray Robinson win the title a sixth time?
"Feeling he can win is 50% of it for a fighter, you know? And Ray's convinced the champ can't beat him."

Maybe so. But the record book says Joey Giardello has beaten him.

Gainford nodded. "Sure," he said, "Ray lost to Giardello. But for the first time in his life Ray went in the ring *thinking* he'd lose. And maybe that was my fault. I told him not to take the match. But after it was over Ray said, 'Hey, that guy can't beat me! I go six rounds waiting for him to drop something on me. Time I woke up I could take him outa there, it was too late.'"

If and when the bell tolls again for Sugar Ray, how does he take the champion outa there?

"By wanting to. By thinking he can. By keeping mentally ready and in good physical shape. These fights I'm getting Ray—they help keep him ready."

Of late, it was pointed out, they also help keep him in the losers' column.

George Gainford waved a huge paw, as if to slap down an irritating gnat. "Aw, Ray dropped a couple. That Harrington in Honolulu bangs Ray's head with his head in the sixth. Ray's no bleeder, but an artery breaks. Only way I can stop it is by using a solution that—well, one drop in the man's eyes and he's blind. Hell, we don't need to win bad enough to go *blind*. Last four rounds my man sees so much blood he thinks the Red Cross is pumping it. But he goes into the 10th ahead—then the blood got him."

The way Gainford tells it, blood got in the way down in Mexico, too—Mexican blood in the veins of jingoist judges. "Ray beats this Memo Ayon person down in Tijuana like

the United States whipped off Hitler. Even the Mexican newspapers say we win eight rounds." (The less generous judges said Robinson won only four.) Gainford is trying hard. Uncomfortably, one realizes this is the first time he has heard a person dredge up alibis for Robinson.

Though Giardello expressed doubts about Sugar Ray's worth as a challenger ("he's on a losing streak and is not rated among the contenders"), Gainford, like Robinson, still had hopes on this night. "Figure it out," he said. "Giardello fights anybody else, he's scuffling to pick up thirty, forty thousand dollars. He fights Ray, he's got to make a hundred thou—and don't expect to have a tough time of it." (Giardello figured it out a little differently later. He signed to fight Dick Tiger on October 21.)

Outside, in the muggy afternoon just turning to dusk, a ragged band of conventioners stood on the sidewalk hoo-hawing. Somewhere inside Robinson slept. He had spent this day before the fight visiting television stations, hospitals and a children's home. Twice he had called New York to check on his mother. Assured she was doing fine, he had eaten a broiled steak, green salad and iced tea before retiring early. Robinson's telephone calls went to Gainford, a querulous sentry all evening turning away newsmen, strange voices who claimed old ties with Robinson and the frankly curious.

"Now," he said into the telephone, "no way you can see him tonight. Her, either. Them people's asleep. Ray's tired. Maybe tomorrow...."

He hung up, shaking his head. "I spend half my time on that thing," he said. "But it proves people don't forget what Ray's been. They still want to see him, talk to him—just reach out and touch him."

"He's lost some leg—speed—stamina. Even some punch. No use kidding ourselves. He's lost some of all of it. But he won't get hurt in the ring, because I'm pretty choosy about who I put Ray in there with. I match him with what he's equal to today, not what he could have handled a few years ago. This boy Walkott—why, 10 years ago the commission wouldn't have permitted the match. Ray would have beat him on his lunch hour." Gainford grinned: "I don't know much about Kid Walkott. But I know he can't hurt Ray Robinson."

Rocky Randall couldn't hurt Ray Robinson either. A few months before, in Norfolk, Randall swooned quickly in Sugar's presence, so fast, in fact, that when Weaver, who made that match, offered to give Randall another shot at Robinson in Washington, D.C. the boxing commission refused to license the bout.

"We figure to fight the champ in September," Gainford went on. "Whether we get him or not—I'm gonna give you a little scoop—this is Ray's last year in the ring. He wins the title, fine—he goes out on top. He loses it, or don't get a shot at it—well, Ray's gonna put a show troupe together and tour the Orient and Europe. Those cats crazy about

Ray. So, either way, we fight this kid tomorrow and then we tune up maybe three, four more times before Giardello. And that's all, brother. That's all."

The refrain was familiar: just one more, and then one too many and an obscure end. Would Ray Robinson spend his last days grubbing nickels?

"Shoot, man! You better wish you had some of what Ray's got. After we fight Basilio in '57 the government holds up \$352,140 for back taxes. Two months ago we finally win a court decision. Ray's gonna get a lot of long green back with compounded interest and all that jazz. And he's got show-biz money coming down the road. He's also gonna invest in closed-circuit television fight promotions. Man, that's where the bread is today—capital gains and everything."

Fight day brought a slow, weeping rain. Robinson stayed in bed while Gainford battled with the telephone. One man invited the former champion to visit a nightclub in which he owned, expected to own or only dreamed of owning a minority interest.

"You offering him money?" Gainford asked.

Well, not exactly....

"Don't do us no favors," Gainford said, hanging up.

Another man volunteered to permit Robinson to loan him \$300 to finance his son's hernia operation. Sugar Ray snored on, blissfully unaware of the twin opportunities.

At 10:40 a.m., barefoot and in a white robe, Robinson sat down to a breakfast of steak, dry toast and hot tea. Millie Bruce, who had lunched the previous day on Capitol Hill with old friend Peggie Hawkins, wife of a California Congressman, gave him a report on her sightseeing expedition. She regretted not having visited John F. Kennedy's grave on this first Washington trip. Sugar Ray listened, chewing methodically. "We'll be back, Gump," he consoled her.

Finishing breakfast, Robinson thumbed through a deck of cards while giving stock answers to reporters who had come in. How does it feel to be 45? "I hadn't thought about it until you asked me." (He had given the same answer a week earlier on TV.) Did he think he still had enough stuff to win the championship? "Yes, I truly do. If I didn't I would quit." Somebody commented on an expensively woven linen coat he had worn the previous day. It was "a little something" he had made up on the Riviera. Once, talking of his loss to Ayon in Mexico, he permitted himself an open grin: "In Tijuana you got to read the last rites over 'em to win." Then he went back into his shell. He appeared relieved when time came to excuse himself to dress for the weigh-in.

Shortly before noon three men got out of a taxi and scuttled under the marquee of the Washington Coliseum to avoid the rain. One of them was Young Joe Walkott, who did not carry about him the fine flush of youth. With a ducktail haircut, dark glasses, padded-shoulder sports coat and tight, black pants, Young Joe might have been an aging rock 'n' roll singer. He chewed on a toothpick, turning his lumpy face up to sneak a look at the blue-letter marquee. If he expected to see his name he was disappointed. TONIGHT,

continued



If this were
an ordinary gin,
we would have put it
in an ordinary
gin bottle.

(PRONOUNCE IT TANKER-RAY)

100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS 94.6 PROOF DISTILLED, BOTTLED
& SHIPPED FROM LONDON FOR J. M. MCCORM & CO., INC., N.Y.

TENNIS RACKET, WIFE, SWIM TRUNKS, CHILDREN— BRING THEM ALL ON YOUR NEXT TRIP TO WASHINGTON

Make a family vacation out of your next business trip to historic Washington, D.C. Air and rail family plans offer significant savings and for just a few dollars more your wife can stay with you at the exciting new Washington Hilton. Kids stay free in your room under the famous Hilton Family Plan. If you drive, there's free parking through September 15th. Best of all, the Washington Hilton is a regular downtown resort with its swimming pool, tennis courts, cabana rooms, outdoor dining, dancing, and three acres of beautiful gardens.



THE WASHINGTON HILTON

For reservations consult your travel agent, write or wire the Washington Hilton, 1919 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009, or call any Hilton hotel, Hilton Inn or Hilton Reservation Service office.

SUGAR *continued*

it read, giving him no hint of fame, SUGAR RAY ROBINSON, HOLLY NIMS IN COSTUME.

Walcott's advisers, a fat man in a gold coat and a fatter one whose suit looked fresh from an ashcan, trooped into the office to inquire about the wough-in. A myopic lady in a print dress knew nothing. At the arena's main gate a lone ticket attendant told them to go around to the stage door at the rear of the building. They walked rapidly through the rain, the man in the gold coat holding a protective newspaper over his head. Rain dripped down Young Joe's seamed face, but he did not mind. Just one more indignity to bear in a life of cheeseburgers and long bus rides. After much door-banging a crotchety old man with a red face appeared to disclaim knowledge of any fight, whereupon he slammed the door. The trio made the long trek back to the front of the arena, Young Joe volunteering his only spontaneous remark of the day: "Man, I'm gonna walk *all* my weight off."

This time the entourage was admitted, after more confusion, to a gloomy, battleship-gray room in the depths of the Coliseum. A young, officious man took Walcott's pulse, poked him in the ribs and asked an embarrassing question: "The papers say you have a 6-10-2 record. That right?"

The pugilist looked uncertainly at his two handlers. The gold coat shrugged in the manner of a lawyer whose client is caught with hot goods. With a laconic "uh-huh" Walcott pleaded guilty. He was guided into an adjoining room to be fingerprinted. They are not very trusting in Washington. Half a dozen prelim fighters were going through the same ritual. None of them bothered to look up at Walcott.

Sugar Ray arrived a good half hour late. He walked in easily, wearing dark slacks and a paisley-print sport shirt, his eyes harboring the cloudy look of a man just aroused from deep slumber. Gainford bellied a path through 40-odd gawkers clogging up the narrow hall. Everybody hi-Sugared and howdy-Rayed as Robinson sidestepped an old-fashioned set of scales on rollers,

shucked his shirt and dropped onto a straight-back chair.

Young Walcott either fell or was pushed from the fingerprint room. Little rivers of sweat ran down his body, and you wondered if maybe the fingerprint expert had overexerted his thumbs. He seemed uncertain whether he should speak to Robinson or ignore him, as Sugar was ignoring him. Young Walcott weighed 156 but looked smaller. When the ex-champ mounted the scales—in shorts, undershirt and sneakers—there was a moment of consternation. Sugar Ray muttered under his breath, stripped to the skin and still came in 10 ounces over the 160-pound limit. More mumbles. Gainford said, "Lemasee, Ray." His thumb performed a certain magic on the scales. "Hunnert and sixty on the nose," he proclaimed. Nobody disputed him.

Standing at ringside in the empty arena, Ed Weaver said, "This is my first promotion here, but I've promoted five cards down in Virginia. Tell you anything you want to know."

All right, what was he guaranteeing Robinson for the night?

Weaver's eyes flicked around the empty seats. "Around five thousand. If I take in 10 I can break even. No way to know on a fight like this. But all I want to do is bring good, clean boxing attractions to Washington. I think the game's worth saving. Good, clean, honest cards will bring the public back in droves."

Why didn't this good, clean, honest card match Holly Mims against Robinson?

"Off the record?" Weaver asked.

No.

Weaver hesitated. "Come on, pal. Don't put me on the spot."

It was suggested that Gainford didn't want Mims for his aging tiger.

"Don't quote me saying that," Weaver protested. "All I know is Sugar Ray Robinson has been a real gentleman. He's done everything he said he would do."

Had Gainford pecked Young Joe Walcott for Sugar Ray?

"No. I did."

How young was Young Joe?

"Uh—26, 27, maybe." A young man assisting Weaver said, "Twenty-nine. He's 29." The promoter glared at his buddy.

What was Walcott's won-lost record?

Weaver hesitated before he said, "Eight wins, 10 losses, one draw." Then he made West Point mathematics suspect for all time, adding, "Walcott's batting .500."

Walcott, he was told, had admitted to a 6-10-2 record and to being 30. The promoter looked abashed. "Well," he said, "you can't ever tell what one of these young punks will do in that ring. It just takes one punch..."

They hadn't been in action two minutes before you knew Walcott did not have the one punch. Sugar Ray could have beaten him in snowshoes.

The surprisingly good crowd—nearly 4,000 paying from \$2 to \$7 per seat—had rocked the arena when Robinson appeared 15 minutes late following Mims's easy win over a half-bald Baltimore fireman. Robinson, bobbing and dancing in the white robe with "Sugar Ray" etched on it in apricot hues, ignored the cheers. By contrast, Walcott had paused on the ring apron to stare in disbelief at a tiny knot of fans applauding him. His next act was to misstep into the rosin box, turning it over.

At the bell Walcott seemed confused. Before he could get himself untracked Sugar Ray had hammered several quick lefts on his nose. Robinson rocked Walcott with a right uppercut and a moment later nailed him with a straight right that had Young Joe retreating. Robinson returned to his corner untouched by human hands.

In the second and third rounds Robinson jabbed and followed through, just as his mother had told him to do. The crowd applauded Robinson's showmanship, and it was easy to feel you were watching the Sugar Ray of old.

Round four brought Walcott a painful lesson in the art of infighting. Sugar's hands worked at his opponent's torso and under the chin. At ringside, in a white sequined dress, Millie Bruce came out of her chair, yelling: "Come on, baby. Come on, love." When Robinson paused to pull up his trunks Young

continued



Fill up with peach brandy flavor



Here's peach brandy by the pipe bowlful. For new John Rolfe Mixture weds the finest tobaccos with the exclusive flavor and aroma of peach brandy. It's a pleasure breakthrough for smokers and everyone around them. For a free pack, jot your name and address on a card and mail to John Rolfe, Box 3-AC, Richmond, Virginia.

Latta & Brother Company, Inc., Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

If a man answers...it's T. Jeremiah Beam



Wouldn't you know—even T. Jeremiah's telephone number is 1795. It's another reminder of Beam Bourbon's famous founding date. For 170 years now...thru six generations...the Beam family has made light, smooth Beam Bourbon. One Family...One Formula...One Purpose...The World's Finest Bourbon Since 1795. Try Jim Beam today.

BEAM'S
170th
BIRTHDAY



BE PROOF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE JAMES B. BEAM
DISTILLING CO., CLERMONT, BEAM, KENTUCKY.



Synchro-Flex
CONSTRUCTION

Fashion finesse
Luxurious calfkin
moccasin blucher of
quiet good taste.

Synchro-Flex comfort.
Leather lined.
Style 1669 Brown.
Style 1569 Black.
About \$26.



BRITISH WALKERS

Dept. W-11, Freeport, Maine

See British Walkers at the Fair, New England Pavilion

SUGAR *continued*

Joe thought he saw his chance. He tried a long, looping right and immediately got tangled in his own shoelaces. Exposed, vulnerable, he struggled frantically for balance. Sugar Ray feinted a punch that could have sent everybody home to early supper, but he did not throw it. He dropped his arms, laughed aloud and tugged again at his shorts.

It was more of the same in the fifth. Robinson boxed Walcott off-balance three times and reprimed him three times. Once, when Walcott moved forward, Robinson chortled aloud, embraced him in the middle of the ring, then wheeled and mashed poor Walcott's sore nose with a stinging left.

But maybe Sugar hadn't been all that sweet. The exertion was taking something out of him. Suddenly, between the fifth and sixth rounds, he looked old.

At first the crowd thought he was resting for the final big push. There were cries of "O.K., Ray, now's the time," "Put 'em away, Sugar Boy." But the old combination one-two-three now misfired. So did some long right hands. Punches that earlier rocked against Young Joe's chin now slipped harmlessly over his shoulders. Fanning herself with a copy of the official program, Mollie Bruce grimaced.

It was hot under the ring lights. Sugar Ray grasped through the seventh, sweating buckets. Walcott hit him in the face a number of times, his first meaningful blows of the fight. In the eighth he did it again, and now Young Joe was looking tough. Robinson wasn't grinning anymore. There were scattered boos at the bell.

In the ninth Walcott pounded Robinson in the body, and though Sugar had chopped home a few blows of his own they lacked power. When the two pawed and clutched a moment later in the center of the ring a voice from the 52 seats yelled, "Waltz me around again, Sugar," and too many people laughed.

Many in the crowd were already heading for the exits before the end of the 10th, in which nothing happened except that Young Joe sent in a few more futile body blows. At the finish there was a roll of boos. In Robinson's corner, awaiting the decision, Gainford re-

proachfully eyed the crowd. Sugar Ray, tarnished but the obvious winner, accepted the victory calmly. All three judges favored him heavily. But the cheers were mostly for Walcott as he swaggered from the ring, proud, apparently, that he had not been knocked out.

Sucking a soft-drink bottle in his dressing room, Robinson thanked the writers who came by to see him. The old conceit, the old lip, the old arrogance were there, if his reflexes and the punch were not. No, he hadn't been hurt—but that boy was tough, no doubt about it. No, the heat hadn't bothered him too much. No, he hadn't really been looking for a knockout. He would be sharper for Giardello if he went the distance a few more times. Nobody was counting, but Robinson had gone the distance three of his last four times out.

Gainford was saying, "I tol' Ray after the third it was too hot up there to go for a K.O. I tol' him box easy."

Somebody questioned Gainford's logic. How was a better to pant through 10 rounds than end it early?

Gainford looked pained. "Aw, man," He walked away.

Promoter Weaver bobbed around, flushed in the face, talking of getting Giardello in the same ring come September. He had made \$3,000. No telling what a title fight would do.

Soft-voiced, Robinson chased the dreams. "I'd like it here in Washington. Outdoors in that big ball park, maybe. It ain't too cold here in September, is it?"

Gainford was ecstatic over young Herbie Lee, an AAU champion on the card, who had just made his pro debut with a three-knockdown TKO. "He's got good moves. And he's still in high school. The right man handling that boy—shu, he could go all the way! He could be another..."

The newsmen rushed off to meet their deadlines. The last curious fans faded away in the halls. Houselights dimmed over the empty arena. Gainford gathered up Robinson's fight paraphernalia, methodically stuffing a small bag.

From the shower, standing under a sting of spray, Sugar Ray called, "Hey, George! What was that cat's name I fought tonight?"

END



BOLD NEW BREEZE

Arrow Curn Laude In a basket weave.

Good feeling, husky looking.

An all-ivy lineup: Button-down.

Traditional collar points. Soft collar roll.

Tapered body, box pleat, hanger loop

and back collar button.

"Sanfonzed" cotton.

Unusual stripes (like this grey/pink).

other stripes and solids, too. \$5.00.

Wherever you go

you look better in Arrow.

—ARROW—

Shirts • Sportswear
Pajamas • Underwear
Boys' Wear • Lady Arrow

Who knows as much about scotch as the Scots?*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 85 PROOF • BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



BRECKIN HILL, OVERLOOKING THE ACORN, OVERHURST, ENGLAND.

***We English.**

The Scots distill Haig—
we jolly well drink Haig.
Of hundreds of scotches,
Britain's largest seller is Haig.
You'll find Haig
to your taste, too.



BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MARK MULVOY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

MINNESOTA'S (4-3) amazing superiority over New York, Washington and Boston is the prime reason why the Twins are winning the American League pennant. After taking three of four from the Yankees last week to win the season's series 11-5, the Twins held a 37-8 edge (plus 29) over those three second-division teams. Chicago, meanwhile, was only 31-17 (plus 14); Detroit was 26-16 (plus 10); Cleveland 26-17 (plus 9) and Baltimore was 28-22 (plus 6) against the same clubs. Incidentally, the last time New York lost as many as 11 games to one team was 1950, the last year they lost the pennant. The Twins continue to win despite the loss of Outfielder Tony Oliva, who suffered a bruised knuckle and jointed Harmon Killebrew and Pitcher Camilo Pascual on the lengthy Minnesota injury list. Before he was hurt Oliva hit a two-out double in the bottom of the ninth to tie a game that Jerry Kindall (batting .199 at the time) won with a broken-hit single the next inning. Jim Grant, replacing Pascual as Minnesota's top pitcher, shut out the Indians on two hits and also drove in four runs while winning his 17th game—tops in the league. Nevertheless, Manager Sam Mele always more reserved than his gregarious contemporaries, refused to make any predictions. But then no other manager did either CHICAGO (5-4), which had won 10 straight, lost three of four to DETROIT (3-4), which, in turn, lost three straight and the season's series to the Senators. Typically, the White Sox, with Pete Ward going 1 for 26 for the week, were held to only one run four times. The Orioles found one bright spot. Pitcher Milt Pappas won for the first

time in five weeks. Manager Charlie Dressen reviewed DETROIT'S (2-5) situation precisely, admitting, "We are lousy." Willie Horton lost one game when he dropped a fly ball. Ray Oyler fell down between third and home in another and was out trying to score a tying run. Base runners were picked off, and pitchers failed to back up home plate. CLEVELAND (4-3) rookie Pitcher Steve Hargan, brought up four weeks ago, beat the Angels and the Twins. Catfish Hunter, John O'Donoghue and Refie Sheldon all pitched shut-out victories for KANSAS CITY (5-2), with Sheldon three-hitting his former New York (2-5) teammates. Albie Pearson, fighting now for a job next season, went 12 for 25 to boost LOS ANGELES (4-3). "I know the Angels have a lot of good kid outfielders," said Pearson, "but I'd rather have them watch me for another year." JIMMY'S (4-5) Rico Petrucelli, a rookie shortstop hitting .355 against left-handers but only .191 against right-handers, had four homers in three games, five for the week, and a 12-game hitting streak. Red Sox Pitcher Dennis Bennett reneged, at least temporarily on his promise of champagne for the press after he won his first complete game. "Maybe I should serve them vinegar," said Bennett. Jim King, the last of the expansion originals playing for WASHINGTON (4-3), beat the Orioles on his 32nd birthday with a single in the 10th, then beat them the next day with a pinch-hit, two-run single in the ninth.

Standings: W 47 D 47 T 35 Clw 57 S 57 G 12 M Bst 20 St 17 P 10 M LAG 71 BR 58 SF 77 Bst 43 KC 48 St

NATIONAL LEAGUE

DETROIT (16-1) was the only team to play like a pennant contender last week. While the other first-division clubs floundered, the Pirates hit .314 as a team, took four straight from the Giants, then two of three from the Astros, and suddenly they were in fifth place—only 4½ games behind the Dodgers. Gene Alley, Bill Mazeroski and Roberto Clemente each had four hits in one game. Trailing 9-3 in the ninth inning one night, the Pirates scored six runs to tie the game and won it on the fifth on Andre Rodgers' single. Although SAN FRANCISCO (12-5) slumped after losing Juan Marchal for eight days, Willie Mays had a momentous week. He hit his 17th homer in August, a National League record for homers in one month, and became the first National Leaguer to hit 40 home runs in one season six times. Willie also passed Lou Gehrig with his 494th career home run and trailed only Mel Ott (581), Ted Williams (521), Jimmy Fox (534) and Babe Ruth (714). "I think I'll pass Fox,

but I'll never catch up with the Babe," said Mays. Playing before 299,145 for seven dates, NEW YORK (4-3) surprised by taking three of four from the Dodgers, Tug McGraw, a first-year player, beat Sandy Koufax, and said "I wasn't scared facing him because my father always told me I'd be another Koufax." Asked about a pinch he threw to one Dodger, McGraw answered, "I'm not sure I can't explain all that stuff," MONTREAL (4-2) won two games over PHILADELPHIA (1-5) in the ninth inning, another in the eighth. "The players are ashamed of themselves," said Gene Mauch, the Phillies manager, "and I haven't been bringing in the right man from the bullpen." The Phillies ended their two-game losing streak by blasting LOS ANGELES (3-4) with 15 hits. The night before, against nonresidents Chris Short, who had five wins over them this year, the Dodgers pulled two double steals and scored seven runs in the first inning. MINNESOTA (11-6) Manager Bobby Bragan said, "The season should be reduced from 162 games to 140 or less," after the Braves lost six straight, all to home runs. Homey by Tommy Harper, pinch-hitter Tony Perez (both with two out in the ninth) and Deron Johnson beat the Braves for CHICAGO (4-3). Then Billy Williams of CHICAGO (4-3) twice beat them with homers, one a grand slam. Manager Red Schoendienst of ST. LOUIS (5-2) was ejected for the first time in his 21-year major league career. Third Baseman Kent Boyer, last year's MVP, said he hoped club officials would not make too many drastic off-season changes because "we're a good team."

Standings: LA 75 SF 71 M 66 Clw 57 St 53 G 57 Ch 41 Bst 40 P 47 S 41 BR 43 SF

PLAYER OF THE WEEK



WILLIE MAYS

TEAM LEADERS: OFFENSE

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Runs	Hits	TB	HRs	SBs	
LA	Wells	156	Fanly	100	Wells	32
Ch	Boyer	139	Prison	235	Flanget	29
ST	Mays	141	Mays	278	M Adams	1
Mt	Adams	142	Adams	261	Adams	29
PH	Clemente	163	Clendenen	243	Baker	1
PH	Allen	145	Carlson	267	Allen	11
SF	Brack	190	Brack	232	Brack	51
Ch	Williams	166	Williams	267	Lindeman	13
NY	Morgan	138	Wynn	212	Wynn	28
Br	McCallister	115	Smith	178	Chenestier	4

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Wash	Oliva	157	Vesestras	244	Verastros	35
Ch	Swenson	120	Swenson	205	Arford	12
Kan	Robinson	124	Robinson	194	Arford	19
Cle	Colavito	120	Colavito	235	Olavito	13
Det	West	125	Weston	219	Lumpie	6
NY	Frost	133	Tresh	234	Robinson	20
LA	Ferguson	158	Ferguson	257	Carlson	25
Wash	Howard	117	Minnifield	282	Hendrix	6
Bos	Yastrzemski	126	Yastrzemski	227	Mancini	7
KC	Companser	141	Companser	202	Companser	47

*Philadelphia Record

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—A two-run homer tied the sixth-inning tie, St. Louis' Stanek, 135-pound Dale Miskin in the fourth inning of the final game of the Little League World Series in Williamsport, Pa. gave WINDYER LOCKS, Conn. a 3-1 victory over Stony Creek, Ohio, Canada.

BOATING—JAN PIERRE BOGGO of Geneva, Switzerland, retained the International Moth class world championship in waters off Cape May, N.J. DONALD BEVER of Vancouver, Ohio, broke a tie with a first on the final day to win the International Formula world title. TOM ALLEN of Eggenville, N.Y., the world Lightning champion, took his fourth North American title at the Ringhans, Mass. J. Yacht Club became the 19th International 210 class national champion at Marblehead, Mass.

Denver only one first place in nine races for O.K. Douglas, COLIN PARK of Vancouver, B.C. took the 17th Cup for the North American Single-Handed championship on Seattle's Lake Washington. Paul's 399 1/2-pound total edged runner-up Randall Owen of Charleston, S.C. by 2 1/2 pounds.

ROGUE—LUIS RODRIGUEZ of Miami won his second medal this year over third-ranked world-weight Rubei (Hernandez) Carter—a unanimous 10-vote decision at Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles.

SOFTBALL—AL GEHRBERGER, who won the final round of the 1950,000 American Girl Classic in Akron with a five-strike deal, finished four strokes ahead of runner-up Arnold Palmer with an even par 260. The victory, worth \$25,000 to Gehrberger, was his first in a major tournament and his first of any kind in two years.

JEAN ASHLEY of Colorado Springs, Colo., took a four lead on the first day, fell three strokes at the 19th hole but never lost a hole after that as she beat three-time champion Anne Quast Webb, 3 and 4, in their scheduled 18-hole final match for the U.S. Women's Amateur Golf Championship in Detroit.

JACK BARRELL of Sydney, Australia became the first foreign golfer ever to win the World Senior Golfers' when he won a 36-hole shot after on the 18th hole of the Broadmoor club course in Colorado Springs, Colo., to beat Adrian Fitch of Los Angeles.

HARNESS RACING—Two-year-olds GOVERNOR ARNOLD (17-60) and ROYAL ROY (18-70) won their divisions of the P. Reider Harmon Trot at Yonkers Raceway, taken shortly by 2 1/2 lengths over Mr. Sparkle, and Royal Roy by 1 1/2 lengths over Amstar.

HORSE RACING—Ogden Phipps' BUCKPASSER (32-60), Baffia Bucka up, closed out the Saratoga meeting with a victory in the \$118,175, 6 1/2-furlong Hapgood Stakes by 2 1/2 lengths over his stablemate, Impressive (32-34).

Buckpasser winner TOM ROLFE (32-40) ridden by Bill Shoemaker, took the \$107,990 Arlington Classic at Arlington Park by a neck over runner-up Royal Gammer.

Arthur B. (Bud) Hancock's 3-year-old fill sister of Ruler, MOCCASIN (32-40) won the 10-furlong, \$76,350 Saratoga Stakes by 1 1/2 lengths in a runner-up shot by 3 1/2 lengths.

MODERN PENTATHLON—Swiss rider PAUL FENYHY, a Hungarian now living in New Brunswick, N.J., won the 1963 national championship at Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, with a total of 5,012 points. He took first in fencing and pistol shooting and was fifth in running, eighth in swimming and fourth in horseback riding.

ROWING—Though the Vesper Boat Club managed to deliver Germany's WOLFGANG BLOHMING (LUB) a preliminary heat, the Germans took the final of the European championship for eight, finishing six feet in front of the second-place teams, and leaving the Americans a half length behind in third barely ahead of a fast-moving Yugoslav national team. Germany's LOUIS H. (LUB) DONALD won the biggest upset of the day when he won the single sculls by a hefty margin over Russia's Anatoli Sav.

SHOOTING—A Pic from the U.S. Army Pacific Area Command rifle team, LOUIS P. (HUB) AND, using an M-14, won the overall title of the President's Trophy Match in the National Rifle and Pistol

Championship with a multi record of 150-11V on the Camp Perry, Ohio range. The high overall record went to VICTOR L. ANDERSON of Yellow Springs, Ohio, who shot 150-53V, while Arnie 2nd Line, MARGARET THOMPSON of Fort Belvoir, Colo., took the women's singles. NICHOLAY Lase DAVID H. MERRIDITH, also of Fort Belvoir, was high scorer in the individual high-power rifle phase of the matches with a 260-79.

SHIRAN BRADLEY, a 28-year-old schoolteacher from Greenfield, Ohio, who has been shooting only two years, won the overall trophy at the Grand American triathlon in Virginia, and he broke 959 of 1,000 targets during six days of events. The Grand American triathlon had the junior crown won by DON PAULIEB of a single. NICHOLAY Lase broke 97 of 100 targets at 20 yards, and BUTFORD C. BAILEY of Big Springs, Neb. repeated as all-round champion with 377 of 400 in the major events.

SWIMMING—Two recent world records were set by U.S. girl swimmers, the one in an exhibition race in Monte Carlo, Monaco. MARTHA RANDALL of Wayne, Pa. broke her own 400-meter freestyle mark by 12 with a 4:38 clocking, and a 200-meter freestyle relay team consisting of POLEY WATSON, CATHY JERGENSON, MISS RANDALL, and TERRE STICKLES lowered the world mark by 1.1 seconds to 1:45.55.

TEEN—BOY EMERSON finished off his American Olympic relay team, 4:38 clocking, and a 200-meter freestyle relay team consisting of POLEY WATSON, CATHY JERGENSON, MISS RANDALL, and TERRE STICKLES lowered the world mark by 1.1 seconds to 1:45.55.

TRACK & FIELD—At an international meet in Huddersfield, Sweden, KIPCHOKE KENDU of Kenya broke the Englishman's 100-meter mark for 3,000 meters by 6 seconds to 7:39.3. Three weeks earlier, Kipchoke, an East German, had broken Michael Hayes's world mark by three seconds.

WORLD UNIVERSITY GAMES—The Hungarian team of 20 swimmers finished the Budapest Aquatics 16 gold medals, while the U.S. represented officially for the first time by a team of 40 athletes participating in five of the eight competitions, took 14 bronze, 20. The Russian team, with 11 gold, 11 silver, 11 bronze, 27 silver and 14 bronze. None of the American's gold medals were taken in swimming and during three on track and field, one in basketball and one in tennis.

WRESTLING—Signed by Boston Celtic defenseman MARL RUSSELL, a three-year contract that reportedly runs with the Canadiens's estimated \$110,000 annual salary by \$1 a year.

RETURNED—CARTER STEIN, 35, as manager of the New York Mets, to become vice-president of the Mets' was named president of the end of the season. Stein's retirement ends an active baseball career that began in Kankakee, Ill. in 1910.

DIED—JOHN HAYES, 73, marathon gold medal winner in the 1908 London Olympics, after a long illness in Englewood, N.J. At the age of 31, "Little Johnny" approached the finish of the marathon to see behind the famous Italian distance runner, Donato Poma. A few yards away from victory, Poma collapsed and had to be helped across the line. Hayes finished 10 seconds behind. After three years of debate the judges disqualified Poma, and Hayes became the second and last American Olympic marathon winner.

DIED—DAVID BURNSTINE, 65, organizer and member of the Four Aces bridge club that dominated championship competition during the 1930s, of lung cancer in Los Angeles. The group, Oswald Jacoby, Howard Schenker, Michael Gottlieb and Burnstine, won the Vanderbilt Trophy four times, the Spingold Trophy three times and in 1935 became American world champions when the American team defeated the French team that held the European title in a match, part of which was held in Madison Square Garden. Burnstine himself won 26 U.S. national championships and received the strong artificial two-card opening but now practiced by experts.

DIED—PAUL (Big Puss) WANNER, 62, one of the best riders in American history, in Saratoga, The Wanner, who spent 20 years as a major league rider, won the Pittsburgh Pirates (1910-1940), led the National League in hitting in 1927 (1 and 1934 (1 and 1935 (1 and 1936 (1 and 1937 (1 and 1938 (1 and 1939 (1 and 1940 (1 and 1941 (1 and 1942 (1 and 1943 (1 and 1944 (1 and 1945 (1 and 1946 (1 and 1947 (1 and 1948 (1 and 1949 (1 and 1950 (1 and 1951 (1 and 1952 (1 and 1953 (1 and 1954 (1 and 1955 (1 and 1956 (1 and 1957 (1 and 1958 (1 and 1959 (1 and 1960 (1 and 1961 (1 and 1962 (1 and 1963 (1 and 1964 (1 and 1965 (1 and 1966 (1 and 1967 (1 and 1968 (1 and 1969 (1 and 1970 (1 and 1971 (1 and 1972 (1 and 1973 (1 and 1974 (1 and 1975 (1 and 1976 (1 and 1977 (1 and 1978 (1 and 1979 (1 and 1980 (1 and 1981 (1 and 1982 (1 and 1983 (1 and 1984 (1 and 1985 (1 and 1986 (1 and 1987 (1 and 1988 (1 and 1989 (1 and 1990 (1 and 1991 (1 and 1992 (1 and 1993 (1 and 1994 (1 and 1995 (1 and 1996 (1 and 1997 (1 and 1998 (1 and 1999 (1 and 2000 (1 and 2001 (1 and 2002 (1 and 2003 (1 and 2004 (1 and 2005 (1 and 2006 (1 and 2007 (1 and 2008 (1 and 2009 (1 and 2010 (1 and 2011 (1 and 2012 (1 and 2013 (1 and 2014 (1 and 2015 (1 and 2016 (1 and 2017 (1 and 2018 (1 and 2019 (1 and 2020 (1 and 2021 (1 and 2022 (1 and 2023 (1 and 2024 (1 and 2025 (1 and 2026 (1 and 2027 (1 and 2028 (1 and 2029 (1 and 2030 (1 and 2031 (1 and 2032 (1 and 2033 (1 and 2034 (1 and 2035 (1 and 2036 (1 and 2037 (1 and 2038 (1 and 2039 (1 and 2040 (1 and 2041 (1 and 2042 (1 and 2043 (1 and 2044 (1 and 2045 (1 and 2046 (1 and 2047 (1 and 2048 (1 and 2049 (1 and 2050 (1 and 2051 (1 and 2052 (1 and 2053 (1 and 2054 (1 and 2055 (1 and 2056 (1 and 2057 (1 and 2058 (1 and 2059 (1 and 2060 (1 and 2061 (1 and 2062 (1 and 2063 (1 and 2064 (1 and 2065 (1 and 2066 (1 and 2067 (1 and 2068 (1 and 2069 (1 and 2070 (1 and 2071 (1 and 2072 (1 and 2073 (1 and 2074 (1 and 2075 (1 and 2076 (1 and 2077 (1 and 2078 (1 and 2079 (1 and 2080 (1 and 2081 (1 and 2082 (1 and 2083 (1 and 2084 (1 and 2085 (1 and 2086 (1 and 2087 (1 and 2088 (1 and 2089 (1 and 2090 (1 and 2091 (1 and 2092 (1 and 2093 (1 and 2094 (1 and 2095 (1 and 2096 (1 and 2097 (1 and 2098 (1 and 2099 (1 and 2100 (1 and 2101 (1 and 2102 (1 and 2103 (1 and 2104 (1 and 2105 (1 and 2106 (1 and 2107 (1 and 2108 (1 and 2109 (1 and 2110 (1 and 2111 (1 and 2112 (1 and 2113 (1 and 2114 (1 and 2115 (1 and 2116 (1 and 2117 (1 and 2118 (1 and 2119 (1 and 2120 (1 and 2121 (1 and 2122 (1 and 2123 (1 and 2124 (1 and 2125 (1 and 2126 (1 and 2127 (1 and 2128 (1 and 2129 (1 and 2130 (1 and 2131 (1 and 2132 (1 and 2133 (1 and 2134 (1 and 2135 (1 and 2136 (1 and 2137 (1 and 2138 (1 and 2139 (1 and 2140 (1 and 2141 (1 and 2142 (1 and 2143 (1 and 2144 (1 and 2145 (1 and 2146 (1 and 2147 (1 and 2148 (1 and 2149 (1 and 2150 (1 and 2151 (1 and 2152 (1 and 2153 (1 and 2154 (1 and 2155 (1 and 2156 (1 and 2157 (1 and 2158 (1 and 2159 (1 and 2160 (1 and 2161 (1 and 2162 (1 and 2163 (1 and 2164 (1 and 2165 (1 and 2166 (1 and 2167 (1 and 2168 (1 and 2169 (1 and 2170 (1 and 2171 (1 and 2172 (1 and 2173 (1 and 2174 (1 and 2175 (1 and 2176 (1 and 2177 (1 and 2178 (1 and 2179 (1 and 2180 (1 and 2181 (1 and 2182 (1 and 2183 (1 and 2184 (1 and 2185 (1 and 2186 (1 and 2187 (1 and 2188 (1 and 2189 (1 and 2190 (1 and 2191 (1 and 2192 (1 and 2193 (1 and 2194 (1 and 2195 (1 and 2196 (1 and 2197 (1 and 2198 (1 and 2199 (1 and 2200 (1 and 2201 (1 and 2202 (1 and 2203 (1 and 2204 (1 and 2205 (1 and 2206 (1 and 2207 (1 and 2208 (1 and 2209 (1 and 2210 (1 and 2211 (1 and 2212 (1 and 2213 (1 and 2214 (1 and 2215 (1 and 2216 (1 and 2217 (1 and 2218 (1 and 2219 (1 and 2220 (1 and 2221 (1 and 2222 (1 and 2223 (1 and 2224 (1 and 2225 (1 and 2226 (1 and 2227 (1 and 2228 (1 and 2229 (1 and 2230 (1 and 2231 (1 and 2232 (1 and 2233 (1 and 2234 (1 and 2235 (1 and 2236 (1 and 2237 (1 and 2238 (1 and 2239 (1 and 2240 (1 and 2241 (1 and 2242 (1 and 2243 (1 and 2244 (1 and 2245 (1 and 2246 (1 and 2247 (1 and 2248 (1 and 2249 (1 and 2250 (1 and 2251 (1 and 2252 (1 and 2253 (1 and 2254 (1 and 2255 (1 and 2256 (1 and 2257 (1 and 2258 (1 and 2259 (1 and 2260 (1 and 2261 (1 and 2262 (1 and 2263 (1 and 2264 (1 and 2265 (1 and 2266 (1 and 2267 (1 and 2268 (1 and 2269 (1 and 2270 (1 and 2271 (1 and 2272 (1 and 2273 (1 and 2274 (1 and 2275 (1 and 2276 (1 and 2277 (1 and 2278 (1 and 2279 (1 and 2280 (1 and 2281 (1 and 2282 (1 and 2283 (1 and 2284 (1 and 2285 (1 and 2286 (1 and 2287 (1 and 2288 (1 and 2289 (1 and 2290 (1 and 2291 (1 and 2292 (1 and 2293 (1 and 2294 (1 and 2295 (1 and 2296 (1 and 2297 (1 and 2298 (1 and 2299 (1 and 2300 (1 and 2301 (1 and 2302 (1 and 2303 (1 and 2304 (1 and 2305 (1 and 2306 (1 and 2307 (1 and 2308 (1 and 2309 (1 and 2310 (1 and 2311 (1 and 2312 (1 and 2313 (1 and 2314 (1 and 2315 (1 and 2316 (1 and 2317 (1 and 2318 (1 and 2319 (1 and 2320 (1 and 2321 (1 and 2322 (1 and 2323 (1 and 2324 (1 and 2325 (1 and 2326 (1 and 2327 (1 and 2328 (1 and 2329 (1 and 2330 (1 and 2331 (1 and 2332 (1 and 2333 (1 and 2334 (1 and 2335 (1 and 2336 (1 and 2337 (1 and 2338 (1 and 2339 (1 and 2340 (1 and 2341 (1 and 2342 (1 and 2343 (1 and 2344 (1 and 2345 (1 and 2346 (1 and 2347 (1 and 2348 (1 and 2349 (1 and 2350 (1 and 2351 (1 and 2352 (1 and 2353 (1 and 2354 (1 and 2355 (1 and 2356 (1 and 2357 (1 and 2358 (1 and 2359 (1 and 2360 (1 and 2361 (1 and 2362 (1 and 2363 (1 and 2364 (1 and 2365 (1 and 2366 (1 and 2367 (1 and 2368 (1 and 2369 (1 and 2370 (1 and 2371 (1 and 2372 (1 and 2373 (1 and 2374 (1 and 2375 (1 and 2376 (1 and 2377 (1 and 2378 (1 and 2379 (1 and 2380 (1 and 2381 (1 and 2382 (1 and 2383 (1 and 2384 (1 and 2385 (1 and 2386 (1 and 2387 (1 and 2388 (1 and 2389 (1 and 2390 (1 and 2391 (1 and 2392 (1 and 2393 (1 and 2394 (1 and 2395 (1 and 2396 (1 and 2397 (1 and 2398 (1 and 2399 (1 and 2400 (1 and 2401 (1 and 2402 (1 and 2403 (1 and 2404 (1 and 2405 (1 and 2406 (1 and 2407 (1 and 2408 (1 and 2409 (1 and 2410 (1 and 2411 (1 and 2412 (1 and 2413 (1 and 2414 (1 and 2415 (1 and 2416 (1 and 2417 (1 and 2418 (1 and 2419 (1 and 2420 (1 and 2421 (1 and 2422 (1 and 2423 (1 and 2424 (1 and 2425 (1 and 2426 (1 and 2427 (1 and 2428 (1 and 2429 (1 and 2430 (1 and 2431 (1 and 2432 (1 and 2433 (1 and 2434 (1 and 2435 (1 and 2436 (1 and 2437 (1 and 2438 (1 and 2439 (1 and 2440 (1 and 2441 (1 and 2442 (1 and 2443 (1 and 2444 (1 and 2445 (1 and 2446 (1 and 2447 (1 and 2448 (1 and 2449 (1 and 2450 (1 and 2451 (1 and 2452 (1 and 2453 (1 and 2454 (1 and 2455 (1 and 2456 (1 and 2457 (1 and 2458 (1 and 2459 (1 and 2460 (1 and 2461 (1 and 2462 (1 and 2463 (1 and 2464 (1 and 2465 (1 and 2466 (1 and 2467 (1 and 2468 (1 and 2469 (1 and 2470 (1 and 2471 (1 and 2472 (1 and 2473 (1 and 2474 (1 and 2475 (1 and 2476 (1 and 2477 (1 and 2478 (1 and 2479 (1 and 2480 (1 and 2481 (1 and 2482 (1 and 2483 (1 and 2484 (1 and 2485 (1 and 2486 (1 and 2487 (1 and 2488 (1 and 2489 (1 and 2490 (1 and 2491 (1 and 2492 (1 and 2493 (1 and 2494 (1 and 2495 (1 and 2496 (1 and 2497 (1 and 2498 (1 and 2499 (1 and 2500 (1 and 2501 (1 and 2502 (1 and 2503 (1 and 2504 (1 and 2505 (1 and 2506 (1 and 2507 (1 and 2508 (1 and 2509 (1 and 2510 (1 and 2511 (1 and 2512 (1 and 2513 (1 and 2514 (1 and 2515 (1 and 2516 (1 and 2517 (1 and 2518 (1 and 2519 (1 and 2520 (1 and 2521 (1 and 2522 (1 and 2523 (1 and 2524 (1 and 2525 (1 and 2526 (1 and 2527 (1 and 2528 (1 and 2529 (1 and 2530 (1 and 2531 (1 and 2532 (1 and 2533 (1 and 2534 (1 and 2535 (1 and 2536 (1 and 2537 (1 and 2538 (1 and 2539 (1 and 2540 (1 and 2541 (1 and 2542 (1 and 2543 (1 and 2544 (1 and 2545 (1 and 2546 (1 and 2547 (1 and 2548 (1 and 2549 (1 and 2550 (1 and 2551 (1 and 2552 (1 and 2553 (1 and 2554 (1 and 2555 (1 and 2556 (1 and 2557 (1 and 2558 (1 and 2559 (1 and 2560 (1 and 2561 (1 and 2562 (1 and 2563 (1 and 2564 (1 and 2565 (1 and 2566 (1 and 2567 (1 and 2568 (1 and 2569 (1 and 2570 (1 and 2571 (1 and 2572 (1 and 2573 (1 and 2574 (1 and 2575 (1 and 2576 (1 and 2577 (1 and 2578 (1 and 2579 (1 and 2580 (1 and 2581 (1 and 2582 (1 and 2583 (1 and 2584 (1 and 2585 (1 and 2586 (1 and 2587 (1 and 2588 (1 and 2589 (1 and 2590 (1 and 2591 (1 and 2592 (1 and 2593 (1 and 2594 (1 and 2595 (1 and 2596 (1 and 2597 (1 and 2598 (1 and 2599 (1 and 2600 (1 and 2601 (1 and 2602 (1 and 2603 (1 and 2604 (1 and 2605 (1 and 2606 (1 and 2607 (1 and 2608 (1 and 2609 (1 and 2610 (1 and 2611 (1 and 2612 (1 and 2613 (1 and 2614 (1 and 2615 (1 and 2616 (1 and 2617 (1 and 2618 (1 and 2619 (1 and 2620 (1 and 2621 (1 and 2622 (1 and 2623 (1 and 2624 (1 and 2625 (1 and 2626 (1 and 2627 (1 and 2628 (1 and 2629 (1 and 2630 (1 and 2631 (1 and 2632 (1 and 2633 (1 and 2634 (1 and 2635 (1 and 2636 (1 and 2637 (1 and 2638 (1 and 2639 (1 and 2640 (1 and 2641 (1 and 2642 (1 and 2643 (1 and 2644 (1 and 2645 (1 and 2646 (1 and 2647 (1 and 2648 (1 and 2649 (1 and 2650 (1 and 2651 (1 and 2652 (1 and 2653 (1 and 2654 (1 and 2655 (1 and 2656 (1 and 2657 (1 and 2658 (1 and 2659 (1 and 2660 (1 and 2661 (1 and 2662 (1 and 2663 (1 and 2664 (1 and 2665 (1 and 2666 (1 and 2667 (1 and 2668 (1 and 2669 (1 and 2670 (1 and 2671 (1 and 2672 (1 and 2673 (1 and 2674 (1 and 2675 (1 and 2676 (1 and 2677 (1 and 2678 (1 and 2679 (1 and 2680 (1 and 2681 (1 and 2682 (1 and 2683 (1 and 2684 (1 and 2685 (1 and 2686 (1 and 2687 (1 and 2688 (1 and 2689 (1 and 2690 (1 and 2691 (1 and 2692 (1 and 2693 (1 and 2694 (1 and 2695 (1 and 2696 (1 and 2697 (1 and 2698 (1 and 2699 (1 and 2700 (1 and 2701 (1 and 2702 (1 and 2703 (1 and 2704 (1 and 2705 (1 and 2706 (1 and 2707 (1 and 2708 (1 and 2709 (1 and 2710 (1 and 2711 (1 and 2712 (1 and 2713 (1 and 2714 (1 and 2715 (1 and 2716 (1 and 2717 (1 and 2718 (1 and 2719 (1 and 2720 (1 and 2721 (1 and 2722 (1 and 2723 (1 and 2724 (1 and 2725 (1 and 2726 (1 and 2727 (1 and 2728 (1 and 2729 (1 and 2730 (1 and 2731 (1 and 2732 (1 and 2733 (1 and 2734 (1 and 2735 (1 and 2736 (1 and 2737 (1 and 2738 (1 and 2739 (1 and 2740 (1 and 2741 (1 and 2742 (1 and 2743 (1 and 2744 (1 and 2745 (1 and 2746 (1 and 2747 (1 and 2748 (1 and 2749 (1 and 2750 (1 and 2751 (1 and 2752 (1 and 2753 (1 and 2754 (1 and 2755 (1 and 2756 (1 and 2757 (1 and 2758 (1 and 2759 (1 and 2760 (1 and 2761 (1 and 2762 (1 and 2763 (1 and 2764 (1 and 2765 (1 and 2766 (1 and 2767 (1 and 2768 (1 and 2769 (1 and 2770 (1 and 2771 (1 and 2772 (1 and 2773 (1 and 2774 (1 and 2775 (1 and 2776 (1 and 2777 (1 and 2778 (1 and 2779 (1 and 2780 (1 and 2781 (1 and 2782 (1 and 2783 (1 and 2784 (1 and 2785 (1 and 2786 (1 and 2787 (1 and 2788 (1 and 2789 (1 and 2790 (1 and 2791 (1 and 2792 (1 and 2793 (1 and 2794 (1 and 2795 (1 and 2796 (1 and 2797 (1 and 2798 (1 and 2799 (1 and 2800 (1 and 2801 (1 and 2802 (1 and 2803 (1 and 2804 (1 and 2805 (1 and 2806 (1 and 2807 (1 and 2808 (1 and 2809 (1 and 2810 (1 and 2811 (1 and 2812 (1 and 2813 (1 and 2814 (1 and 2815 (1 and 2816 (1 and 2817 (1 and 2818 (1 and 2819 (1 and 2820 (1 and 2821 (1 and 2822 (1 and 2823 (1 and 2824 (1 and 2825 (1 and 2826 (1 and 2827 (1 and 2828 (1 and 2829 (1 and 2830 (1 and 2831 (1 and 2832 (1 and 2833 (1 and 2834 (1 and 2835 (1 and 2836 (1 and 2837 (1 and 2838 (1 and 2839 (1 and 2840 (1 and 2841 (1 and 2842 (1 and 2843 (1 and 2844 (1 and 2845 (1 and 2846 (1 and 2847 (1 and 2848 (1 and 2849 (1 and 2850 (1 and 2851 (1 and 2852 (1 and 2853 (1 and 2854 (1 and 2855 (1 and 2856 (1 and 2857 (1 and 2858 (1 and 2859 (1 and 2860 (1 and 2861 (1 and 2862 (1 and 2863 (1 and 2864 (1 and 2865 (1 and 2866 (1 and 2867 (1 and 2868 (1 and 2869 (1 and 2870 (1 and 2871 (1 and 2872 (1 and 2873 (1 and 2874 (1 and 2875 (1 and 2876 (1 and 2877 (1 and 2878 (1 and 2879 (1 and 2880 (1 and 2881 (1 and 2882 (1 and 2883 (1 and 2884 (1 and 2885 (1 and 2886 (1 and 2887 (1 and 2888 (1 and 2889 (1 and 2890 (1 and 2891 (1 and 2892 (1 and 2893 (1 and 2894 (1 and 2895 (1 and 2896 (1 and 2897 (1 and 2898 (1 and 2899 (1 and 2900 (1 and 2901 (1 and 2902 (1 and 2903 (1 and 2904 (1 and 2905 (1 and 2906 (1 and 2907 (1 and 2908 (1 and 2909 (1 and 2910 (1 and 2911 (1 and 2912 (1 and 2913 (1 and 2914 (1 and 2915 (1 and 2916 (1 and 2917 (1 and 2918 (1 and 2919 (1 and 2920 (1 and 2921 (1 and 2922 (1 and 2923 (1 and 2924 (1 and 2925 (1 and 2926 (1 and 2927 (1 and 2928 (1 and 2929 (1 and 2930 (1 and 2931 (1 and 2932 (1 and 2933 (1 and 2934 (1 and 2935 (1 and 2936 (1 and 2937 (1 and 2938 (1 and 2939 (1 and 2940 (1 and 2941 (1 and 2942 (1 and 2943 (1 and 2944 (1 and 2945 (1 and 2946 (1 and 2947 (1 and 2948 (1 and 2949 (1 and 2950 (1 and 2951 (1 and 2952 (1 and 2953 (1 and 2954 (1 and 2955 (1 and 2956 (1 and 2957 (1 and 2958 (1 and 2959 (1 and 2960 (1 and 2961 (1 and 2962 (1 and 2963 (1 and 2964 (1 and 2965 (1 and 2966 (1 and 2967 (1 and 2968 (1 and 2969 (1 and 2970 (1 and 2971 (1 and 2972 (1 and 2973 (1 and 2974 (1 and 2975 (1 and 2976 (1 and 2977 (1 and 2978 (1 and 2979 (1 and 2980 (1 and 2981 (1 and 2982 (1 and 2983 (1 and 2984 (1 and 2985 (1 and 2986 (1 and 2987 (1 and 2988 (1 and 2989 (1 and 2990 (1 and 2991 (1 and 2992 (1 and 2993 (1 and 2994 (1 and 2995 (1 and 2996 (1 and 2997 (1 and 2998 (1 and 2999 (1 and 3000 (1 and 3001 (1 and 3002 (1 and 3003 (1 and 3004 (1 and 3005 (1 and 3006 (1 and 3007 (1 and 3008 (1 and 3009 (1 and 3010 (1 and 3011 (1 and 3012 (1 and 3013 (1 and 3014 (1 and 3015 (1 and 3016 (1 and 3017 (1 and 3018 (1 and 3019 (1 and 3020 (1 and 3021 (1 and 3022 (1 and 3023 (1 and 3024 (1 and 3025 (1 and 3026 (1 and 3027 (1 and 3028 (1 and 3029 (1 and 3030 (1 and 3031 (1 and 3032 (1 and 3033 (1 and 3034 (1 and 3035 (1 and 3036 (1 and 3037 (1 and 3038 (1 and 3039 (1 and 3040 (1 and 3041 (1 and 3042 (1 and 3043 (1 and 3044 (1 and 3045 (1 and 3046 (1 and 3047 (1 and 3048 (1 and 3049 (1 and 3050 (1 and 3051 (1 and 3052 (1 and 3053 (1 and 3054 (1 and 3055 (1 and 3056 (1 and 3057 (1 and 3058 (1 and 3059 (1 and 3060 (1 and 3061 (1 and 3062 (1 and 3063 (1 and 3064 (1 and 3065 (1 and 3066 (1 and 3067 (1 and 3068 (1 and 3069 (1 and 3070 (1 and 3071 (1 and 3072 (1 and 3073 (1 and 30

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

MARR-TYR

Sirs:

It is a darn shame that when a golfer such as Dave Marr wins the PGA Championship, one of the four major tournaments in the world, he is lucky to even get his name in your magazine. But Arnold Palmer can be the biggest flop in the tournament, not shoot even one round under par, and he gets a write-up like he just won the Grand Slam, with no less than five photos of himself (*Diary of a Career in Turmoil*, Aug. 23).

Come on, now!

ROBERT CURTIS

Middletown, Ohio

Sirs:

On Sunday, Aug. 15 I watched a very fine golfer play a very exciting round of golf to win the PGA Championship. His name is Dave Marr, and he is a talented, well-liked young man who has done a lot for golf. I am most happy I was able to see the telecast, for, since his victory, there has been little written about Dave Marr and his four fine rounds of golf—but there has been lots and lots written about why Arnold Palmer did not win the tournament! The hazards of being host pro at a tournament played on home-town grounds have been experienced by a lot of our pros, who somehow managed to overcome the distractions of visiting friends and go out and shoot respectable rounds—even win.

ANITA THOMAS

Fort Worth

Sirs:

Palmer played dismally. Dave Marr beat the giants of the golf game. In addition, he has been serving as chairman of the PGA tournament committee, which was also time-consuming and did not allow enough time for proper practice. Marr played good, like a champion should.

JAMES M. KAUFMANN

Northtown, Pa.

Sirs:

I think it is time people of the press realized that Arnold Palmer is nearing the end of a career that was sparked by flashes of greatness. He certainly showed this at the PGA. Arnie is a great golfer, but why not cover the victor, Dave Marr?

ROBERT W. GUNDECK

Bryan, Conn.

• For a closer look at the new PGA champion, see page 50.—E.D.

Sirs:

Your article was very good. Arnold Palmer is just having an off year. About this time

next year no one will be saying he should retire from the pro tour; instead, everyone will again be referring to him as the king of golf. Last year everyone was writing off Eddie Mathews, but now he is leading the Braves' surge for the pennant. Two years ago Lenny Moore had a disappointing season, but last year he led the Baltimore Colts to the division title. Most great athletes have a troubled or off year, but they face up to it and come back. Arnold Palmer will be no different. He is still the king of golf in my opinion and always will be the best golfer of the era.

MIKE SPRENGER

Bloomington, Ind.

HOT-AIR LEAGUE

Sirs:

Last year I was quite upset when I read an article in your magazine stating that Pennsylvania high school football was better than Texas football (*Bref, Bowser and Hersker Box*, Aug. 10, 1964). At the time of this game last year there was also a football coaching school going on in Texas, and the boys playing in the coaching school were not permitted to go to Pennsylvania. I'll admit that Texas did send a good team, but some players, such as Warren McVea, were not there. As a result, Texas lost and really should not have been compared to Pennsylvania as it was.

This year boys from Texas were permitted to play in both the coaching-school game and in the game against Pennsylvania (*Texas Teeners Strike Back*, Aug. 23). As you say, Texas really whipped them good—and by a margin so large that no one can dispute me when I say that Texas plays the best football.

JOHN C. MILLER

Mission, Texas

Sirs:

After reading your article on this year's Penn-Texas football game, I am inclined to say that Pennsylvania football is still the best in the country. Sure, Pennsylvania lost the game, but the Big 33 didn't come up with an excuse like the Texans did last year.

The western Pennsylvania region produces some of the best football players in the country. The real test will come next year, so the Texans had better bring everybody they can get.

DAVID MARSHO

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

"Which state, Texas or Pennsylvania, grows the best high school football players?" The answer is simple: Neither one. Ohio grows the best, and I have two pieces of evidence to back up my feelings. Item No. 1:

Recall if you will the starting quarterbacks in the College All-Star game. Of the four possible starters two were former Ohio schoolboys, Roger Staubach and Bob Timberlake. Item No. 2: This year's Rose Bowl game winner, Michigan, had a starting 11 that consisted mainly of Ohioans, including Jim DeWiler, Timberlake, Carl Ward and Rick Volk. If this isn't enough just check the growing list of pros who are former Ohio schoolboys.

DAN ELSASS

Bowling Green, Ohio

Sirs:

Until I read your article on high school football I had always thought that there were 50 states in the Union. Now I find that there are only two, Pennsylvania and Texas. Granted, fine football is played in these two states, but that does not rule out 48 others in the competition for best high school football honors.

When the top 20 teams in the nation were ranked last winter, the top three were not from Pennsylvania or Texas, but from such places as Coral Gables, Fla., Massillon, Ohio and Montclair, N.J.

The next time Pennsylvania and Texas want to compete for the best football in the country, let them to stop by some of the underpublicized states in the Union and play such powerhouses as Canton and Massillon in Ohio, Montclair, Clifton and East Orange in New Jersey or Coral Gables in Florida. We'll make them eat those apples and peaches, highly peppered with hot air.

CHUCK ARBING

Upper Montclair, N.J.

NO FISHING

Sirs:

Having just read your article on the long drought in the Northeast, particularly the Catskills, I couldn't help but note that those bonehead conservation experts are at it again (*A Dry Silence in the Northeast*, Aug. 9).

It has been my experience that grouse do not do well in droughts. Ask any grouse hunter. For one thing, the time when a farmer cuts his hay has absolutely nothing to do with a grouse, and I doubt that many hunters have ever seen a grouse in a hayfield. Grouse are found in thorn apples, shaded creek areas, etc. If these are lacking due to drought, then, alas, no birds. And this has been the case in several New York counties over the last three years.

Again, contrary to the experts, there is a big difference between killing and fishing. Night-fishing spring holes in droughts kills more fish than anyone can imagine. We watched it happen on the East Branch of the

riverbank

Stencil?

just plug it in

ORIGINAL COPY CAN BE
ANYTHING DRAWN, CLIPPED,
TYPED, PRINTED, RULED OR
COMBINED AS A "PASTE-UP" LAYOUT

Give your stencil duplicator the reproduction versatility that the camera gives the offset duplicator. You can even compose layouts with scissors and paste, using clipped art and type. GESTEFAX is completely automatic. Simply place your original subject around one cylinder and a blank stencil around the other. Now — push the 'go' button. In just a few minutes you will have a stencil that bears a faithfully detailed image of your original subject — ready for run-off.

FOR AUDIO VISUAL AIDS — GESTEFAX will also produce a transparency for overhead projectors at the very same time it makes a stencil, giving every viewer an exact copy, on paper, for home study review.

NO MORE TYPING OR
DRAWING ON STENCILS



Gestefax

By the makers of
GESTETNER
World-Famous
Dual
Cylinder
Duplicator

GESTETNER CORP. Dept. GS-9
216 Lake Ave. Yonkers, N. Y. 10702

Name _____
Firm _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

19TH HOLE continued

Delaware in the late '40s when catches of 50 or 70 fish were not uncommon, and game wardens were as scarce as fangs on a tadpole. Regardless of what the experts say, the Delaware never really recovered. If the conservationists were smart, they would close their streams as well as their woods until the drought is over.

Jackson Hole, Wyo.

By KILLAM

BEWARE THE GREEN SINS

After reflecting on your story on Jet President Sonty Werblin and his quest for success (*Shut-az Soon and His Story*, July 19), I have come to the conclusion that, Naimath and Huarte notwithstanding, Mr. Werblin had better get with it and turn in those green jerseys if he wants the Jets to win big. So the Philadelphia Eagles wear green and they win once in awhile. And maybe Notre Dame (true colors: blue and gold) is the exception — but with a very tarnished image until last year. Michigan State (green and white) had a few good years, and Green Bay kicks the jinx by wearing more gold than green. But really, now, when did green-clad Baylor, Colorado State, Dartmouth, Manhattan, Miami (Fla.), Ohio University, Tulane, Vermont, Wagner or William & Mary ever make big headlines? Take a tip from a superstitious Jet fan. In football green is for grass.

GEORGE PALMER

Port Washington, N.Y.

MATCHLESS

Sirs:

You published a letter from the Native Diver fan club (1918 HOLE, Aug. 23), and I think you should publish this. The challenge by Native Diver's owner for a match race between Kelso and the Diver is ridiculous for two reasons. The first is that Kelso would break Native Diver's heart. The second is that if Native Diver wants to get beaten that badly he need only come East and run in the Aqueduct. Woodward or Jockey Club Gold Cup. Kelso will be there.

BARRY LLOYD

Brigetown, N.J.

BUMPER CROP

Sirs:

We who are connected with Haystack Ski Area in Wilmington, Vt. were surprised and disappointed to read that Tross Ski Valley is calling its beginners' slope "Fanny Hill" (SPORTCARD, July 12).

Even though we know that "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," we would like very much for your readers to know not only that Haystack originated the beginners' slope name, but that Haystack's Fanny Hill has been in operation for a full season.

CLIMBING MICHEL

Boston

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020.

Time Inc. also publishes TIME, LIFE, FORTUNE and, in conjunction with its subsidiaries, the International editions of TIME and LIFE. Chairman of the Board, Andrew H. Harkness; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy L. Lichtenstein; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Sullivan; President, James A. Leno; Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brinkhaugh; Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes; Vice President and Associate to the President, Arnold W. Carlson; Vice President and Controller, John F. Harvey; Vice Presidents, Charles A. Adams, Bernard M. Auer, Rhetta Austin, Edgar R. Baker, Charles B. Bear, Clay Blackwell, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hallenbeck, Jerome S. Harbo, Sidney L. Jansen, Arthur W. Keyser, Henry Louis Hill, Ralph D. Kane Jr., Weston C. Peltier Jr., James R. Shepley, Assistant Commissioner and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Mesinger; Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis; Exec. Sec., Ingels, Richard R. McKenough.

Sports Illustrated

Please include a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label to insure prompt service whenever you write about your subscription.

MAIL TO:
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,
540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611.
Charles A. Adams, Gen'l Mgr.

TO SUBSCRIBE
mail this form with your payment.
Check one
☐ new subscription, ☐ renew my subscription.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
U.S., Canada and U.S. Possessions, 8 yr. \$7.50.
All other subscriptions, 8 yr. \$10.00

CHANGE OF ADDRESS attach label here

If you're moving, please let us know five weeks before changing your address. Place magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a current address your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____



**It takes Gilbey's famous
frosty bottle to pour
a summer drink this wintry**

If the famous frosty bottle makes your taste buds tingle, wait till you sip the gin. Gilbey's London Dry was born in England in 1872, the unique creation of brothers Walter and Alfred Gilbey. Gin with a dry, subtle, balanced taste such as the world had never known before. (Or since.) Gilbey's is still made to the secret family recipe. Why not let yourself in on our family secret?

**(Is it any wonder Gilbey's gets such
a warm welcome?)**





**The blade
that finishes
last.**

PERSONNA STAINLESS STEEL: Double-Edge and Injector Blades last and last and